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Spring • 1950

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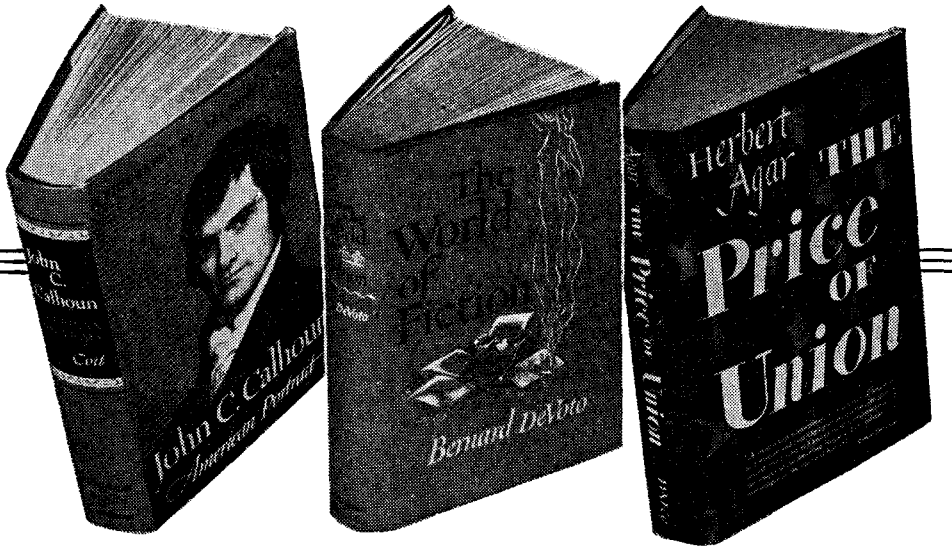

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Television's Peril to Culture

THE FIRST GREAT achievement of the art of communication was the invention of writing. Further developments through the ages have produced the invention of printing and of the wireless, and now, most recently, television. Since the invention of writing was one of the most important of those propulsive forces which transmuted barbarism into civilization, we have assumed, rather uncritically, that each new technical advance in communication must have as creative a relation to the cultural development of mankind as the first. But the very ambiguous effect of television upon our contemporary culture may force us to revise our estimates.

Television may not be as dangerous to culture as the atomic bomb is to our civilization. (The atomic bomb is related to the plow in the history of the conquest of nature as television is related to writing in the history of communications.) But this last word in the art of communication seems suddenly to illumine a disturbing aspect of this history which we had not sufficiently noted. Each new development in the art of communication seems to have broadened the base of culture on the one hand and to have vulgarized the arts on the other.

The technical triumphs of moving pictures cannot obscure the difference between the maturity of the art of the drama and the infantilism of Hollywood art. There is, however, an important difference between the vulgarization of art in moving pictures and the vulgarizations of television. Sentimentality and vulgarity in the movies are not caused by any limitations in the medium itself. They

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stem rather from the effort of a mass medium to hold a mass audience by gauging its appeal to the lowest common denominator of aesthetic receptivity.

The case of television is more complicated and a little more hopeless than that of the movies; for some of the limitations spring from the medium itself. The comedy currently popular on television is almost completely bereft of any genuine wit or humor. This may be partly a result of the fact that a television chain, fighting desperately to make both ends meet, strives for a maximum audience for each program. Again, it may be that only the most obvious kind of slapstick is sufficiently vivid visually. At any rate, the descent from Fred Allen to Milton Berle is, for the moment at least, the measure of the difference between radio and television humor. It must be noted also that technical limitations make the presentation of genuine dramatic art on television difficult. Sports are more popular on television than drama; and the prize fight seems to be the most acceptable sport, because it conforms best to the limitations of the camera's eye.

Many of the technical difficulties will, no doubt, be overcome in time. We are rightly reminded that television is in its infancy. Its present estate may have the same relation to a subsequent state of perfection as the nickelodeon has to the present cinema. But even this comparison is not too reassuring. It suggests that in each new technical development of mass communications, the new medium is gradually mastered; but the highest state of perfection is still below the artistic level of a previous period in which there was less preoccupation with the mass "outlets" of the medium.

Television affords an even more serious threat to culture in terms of the communication of ideas than it does in the projection of artistic images. The discussion of public issues and the dissemination of ideas on the radio represent an almost clear gain, since radio has augmented communication through the written word without vulgarization. We must admit, of course, that the radio has given modern tyrannies a new weapon by piping Dr. Goebbels' or Stalin's propaganda into every home. But the content and form of discussion on television is on an obviously lower level of maturity. Visual aids, graphs and maps are introduced into the discussion even when they are only slightly relevant. What is worse, discussion topics seem to

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be chosen not because they are important but because they lend themselves to visual elaboration. There is, furthermore, considerable preoccupation with the posture of speakers, their facial expressions and all manner of irrelevant considerations. A television discussion is a studied effort to present a scene of unstudied conversation in which the visual effects are regarded as much more important than the content of the discussion. If the speakers are also constantly warned against the use of words which might not be understood by a tenth grade child, this proves that some of the difficulties arise not from the limitations of the medium but from preoccupation with the mass audience. Television will have to learn that, even in the most democratic culture, it is simply not possible to address everybody on every subject.

All these apprehensions may seem to be dictated by a too aristocratic concept of culture, which lacks a proper appreciation of the immense benefits which mass communications confer upon "the masses" by making every treasure of culture more widely available. There is some merit in such a democratic criticism. But one must also consider the degree to which the "common" men of every age have an unspoiled art and a simple culture, upon which the artificialities and sentimentalities of the mass media may have a deleterious effect. Pretending to serve hypothetical mass tastes, they actually contaminate them. Furthermore, the mass media of the present day tend to destroy the inner core of a cultural discipline by their too frantic efforts at popularization. Even a democratic culture cannot afford an equalitarianism which threatens the sources of discipline of the mind and heart by trying to bring them *down* to the lowest common denominator.

It is possible that some of the cultural defects of the mass media, revealed in the movies and radio and accentuated in television, can be cured if there is a less immediate relation between commercial and cultural interests. Americans are rather too uncritically proud of the advantages of the "free enterprise system," including the advantages of competition in radio and television programs. There are indeed some advantages if comparison is made with the programs of the British Broadcasting Corporation, for instance. But on the other hand there is nothing in American radio so consistently mature

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as the "Third Program" of the BBC, which is frankly designed for the more thoughtful tenth of the population. There is increasing evidence that a public service corporation of the type of the BBC will have a similar advantage in television, in furnishing adult entertainment for adults and mature discussions for mature minds.

Insofar as the inanities of television are derived from limitations in the medium itself, we may well expect these to be overcome as the medium is technically perfected. Insofar as they spring from a preoccupation with the mass audience and an unwillingness to cater for higher cultural needs, they must be corrected by destroying the too intimate relation between the advertiser and the medium. The assumed "automatic" controls of the competitive process are inoperative because they result in purely quantitative, rather than qualitative criteria of excellence. Television is on the same cultural level as "throwaway" newspapers in which the news and cultural content of the journal is a mere adjunct to the commercial ends of the advertisers. Since we do have excellent journals which have managed to achieved standards, which are only occasionally and incidentally corrupted by commercial pressure, we may reasonably hope for a similar development in radio and television. It may even be possible to achieve this end without resorting to the expedient of a public service monopoly. It is, however, a much more difficult end to achieve in radio and television, because no newspaper is forced to reach the "total market" in the same way as the newer mass media.

In any event, television can no more be left under the control of the special interest of advertisers than atomic energy can finally be left under the control of single nation-states. The anarchy of conflicting national interests threatens the life of our civilization in the one case; and the anarchy of competing commercial interests threatens the integrity of our culture in the other.

R. W. Emerson, secundus

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The Best of Two Worlds

Some Reflections on a Peculiarly Modern Privilege

Joseph Wood Krutch

IF ALL my days were spent as the majority of them are, they might not give me as much pleasure as they do. Nearly two-thirds of my time is passed in the country, and that does not always seem enough. But it may be that I am more aware of country life than I should be if I lived it all the time.

Your pure countryman, born and reared, is often satisfied with his life, and often would choose no other. But he is also very often a man whose interests and satisfactions are very different from those of us who have been transplanted. It is said that Mr. Bryce, for whom Bryce Canyon was named, left concerning it only one recorded utterance: "A terrible place to lose a cow in."

Country schools now give courses in "nature study" to the farmers' children, and they often need them almost as much as those bred in the slums. Your farmer frequently grows up in an ignorance (the maintenance of which it seems difficult to understand) of everything in nature not immediately relevant to his profession. More than once—and plainly rather out of politeness to me than because of any genuine curosity—I have been summoned to wonder at some creature described as strange, horrendous, and undoubtedly extremely rare, only to have it turn out a prevalent insect or, perhaps, one of the commonest of the salamanders. And how sinister everything not a regular part of his daily life seems to be! Every milksnake is a copperhead, every spider is deadly, nearly every weed is poisonous. I should be willing to bet that the famous brave man who first

✪ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH is Brander Matthews professor of dramatic literature at Columbia University. *The Twelve Seasons*, *The Modern Temper* and *Samuel Johnson* are among his many books. This article is the first chapter of a work in progress.

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ate an oyster came from inland and that it was not a farmer who exploded the legend of the noxious tomato.

One friend who read something I wrote about the pleasures of living with some awareness of other living things, rebuked me for assuming that city dwellers did not know that pleasure. He spoke of the geranium on the tenement window which is all the more admired because it seems so improbable. He spoke even of Wallace's spider, and he might, though he did not, have gone on to speak of that stuffed owl, which, according to Wordsworth in his most solemn mood, brought comfort to a young girl long in city pent.

How such things may be, I know too well to question them. Indeed, I am prepared to go much further in making concessions about the city. It is more than merely the sense of contrast which gives me and many like me some kind of awareness of the natural world not common in those who have always lived close to it. We are really a new breed. When we speak of "returning" to something, we are using a wrong word. If we move wholly, or for a part of our time, from the city into the country, we are not resuming a kind of life which was once the usual one. The whole economic foundation of that life rests upon a complex urban civilization. And what is more important, our kind of sensibility, or at least our awareness of it and our articulateness concerning it, are different from anything which ever existed, even in Arcadia.

"I walk," said Thoreau, "as one possessing the advantages of human culture, fresh from the society of men, but turned loose into the woods." His was the best of two worlds, and he knew it as well as I do. We have that smattering of science which makes nature more wonderful, and we have also been trained in sensibility by reading. It was Thoreau, also, who proclaimed that "decayed literature makes the richest soil," and the man who made that statement was not one who was advocating any mere primitivism. To say that few men would fall in love if they had never read any poetry is true in exactly the same degree, and to exactly the same extent, whether one is speaking of the love of woman or the love of nature. Without thought and without culture, one might take a kind of animal delight in either, but he could not experience much more.

Certainly I feel no need to apologize either to myself or to others

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when I bring with me into the country whatever I may have learned from men or from books. Neither do I see any inconsistency in introducing into country life whatever from a different world may seem to enrich it. I see no impropriety in returning from an inspection of my marsh or from a walk in the snow to listen to Mozart's G minor quintet on the phonograph. To me, at least, it sounds better than it would in a concert hall, and even those much more absolute than I in their condemnation of the gadget are only biting off the nose to spite the face when they refuse to accept whatever advantages may accrue from it while still being compelled, willy-nilly, to pay the penalties entailed. What I bring from the country into the city is perhaps less obviously important, though I am not sure that it is not equally so. I once used something I had learned from a mouse —she was a wartime refugee from Cambridge, by the way—to demonstrate in a review the unreliability of a certain biographer. But this is hardly the place to talk about that.

I have met few men or women wholly country-bred and completely without experience of life in cities, with whom I felt entirely at home. About them there is nearly always something *farouche*, if not actually savage. At some time in the course of his experience, every man should rub shoulders with his fellows, experience the excitement of a metropolis' nervous activity; live close to the great, the distinguished, the famous, and the merely notorious—if for no other reason than because only so can he learn properly to discount them, or at least learn in what ways they are, and in what ways they are not, to be taken at their own and the world's valuation. Those who, for example, have never seen an author are likely to take books with the wrong kind of seriousness! Urbanity seems to be literally that: something impossible to acquire except in cities. But one need not, and one should not, I think, spend a lifetime in getting it, for in that respect, as in so many others, the city pays a diminishing return. The years between eighteen and thirty should be amply sufficient to polish anyone capable of being polished. If he is not urbane by then, something more drastic than mere residence in a city would seem to be called for. And if I have never felt entirely at home with anyone who had never had any experience of cities, I can say much the same of those who have never had any other kind.

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What seems to me so terribly, perhaps fatally, wrong with the present stage in the evolution of the human spirit is not its tendency to go beyond a mere "life in nature," but its tendency to break completely the connection which it cannot break without cutting off its roots; without forgetting with desperate consequences that the human arises out of the natural and must always remain to some extent conditioned by it.

Beauty and joy are natural things. They are older than man, and they have their source in the natural part of him. Art becomes sterile and the joy of life withers when they become unnatural. If modern urban life is becoming more comfortable, more orderly, more sanitary, and more socially conscious than it ever was before—but if at the same time it is also becoming less beautiful (as it seems to me) and less joyous (as it seems to nearly everyone)—then the deepest reason for that may be its increasing forgetfulness of nature. She is often none of the good things which the city is, but she is almost always, nevertheless, somehow beautiful and somehow joyous.

Joy is the one thing of which indisputably the healthy animal, and even the healthy plant, gives us an example. And we need them to remind us that beauty and joy can come of their own accord when we let them. The geranium on the tenement window and the orchid in the florist's shop, the poodle on the leash and the goldfish in the bowl, are better than nothing. In the consciousness of the city-dweller, they ought to play a part no less essential than that of the sleek chrome chair and the reproductions of Braque and Miro. For me, however, I found them not enough.

II

Here, on the other hand, I have, literally, God's plenty. I am glad that the neighbors are not too near, that my little lawn and my brief paved walk end soon. Everything reminds me that man is an incident in nature rather than, as one comes to suppose in the city, that the natural is, at most, an incident, surviving precariously in a man-made world. If I do on my own a little of that peeping and botanizing which Wordsworth scorned, I think that I profit less from what I learn *about* nature than I do from what I should prefer to call the example she sets me—the example, I mean, of confidence, of serenity,

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and, above all, of joy. In the city, perhaps especially in the city of today, one may pass whole weeks without meeting a single joyous person or seeing a single joyous thing. One may meet laughter there, and wit—sometimes, perhaps, a fragment of wisdom. These are all good things which I would not willingly do without. But joyousness, as distinguished from diversion and amusement and recreation, is so rare that a whole philosophy has been developed to make a virtue out of its absence.

The world, we are told, is a terrible place, and it is wicked not to be almost continuously aware of the fact. Diversion in limited quantities is permissible as a temporary relaxation, but moral indignation should be the staple of any human life, properly spent. Yet it seems to me that Joy and Love, increasingly fading from human experience, are the two most important things in the world, and that if one must be indignant about something, the fact that they are so rare is the thing most worthy of indignation.

The limitations of the animal mind and the animal sensibility are no doubt so great that we can hardly conceive them. But no behaviorist's theory that the bird's song is merely a "sex call" or, as the more recent and therefore more depressing theory has it, that it is the male announcement of his claim to a hunting territory, can conceal the fact that the sex call or the "keep-out" cry is joyously given. From such phenomena I should like to learn, and I think that to some extent I have learned—though not very completely or very well, I confess—the natural way of making the processes of living joyous rather than troubling.

My very cats set me an example, for though they have taken on many human traits—though they can, for example, be bored, and sometimes irritated—I think that they have made little or no progress in what some seem to think the most praiseworthy of human accomplishments: the ability, I mean, to worry. They can be very impatient for food but, unlike men, they never seem concerned over where the next meal after that is going to come from. That is one of the reasons why I always feel more serene after a conversation with a few friendly animals than I do after an evening with even the most brilliant of my human acquaintances.

Or consider again the case of the birds. The most convincing ex-

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planation which has ever been given of the fact that so many species migrate to the north in summer to raise their families is not that food is more abundant—actually it isn't—but quite simply that there are more hours of daylight; more working hours, that is, during which the appalling amount of food necessary to feed the young can be collected. Now the spring just past happens to have been an unusually early one. Before the end of May, I noticed that my robins, their beaks already to the grindstone, were digging worms out of my lawn from dawn to nightfall. The summer was no vacation time for them. But they seemed not in the slightest degree resentful; in fact, they seemed quite happy over the whole business. What we call the cares of a family appear to be, for them, the pleasures of it. I think it is no mere pretty sentimentality to say that nature has remained joyful and that man, who has so much enriched his capacity for variety and experience, has lost a great deal of that capacity for joy, without which all the other capacities seem such dubious boons.

To anyone merely country-bred, I should certainly not speak of nature's superiority over art, nor should I tell him, if he happened to long for concert halls or art exhibits, that the wood thrush is in certain ways as much worth listening to as Isabelle Baillie, and the song sparrow is habitually in much better voice than a certain still-popular coloratura whom I had better not name. That would be worse than fatuous; it would be, for him, positively untrue. Whether one is inclined to say: "Nature I love, and next to Nature, Art," or whether one reverses the order of precedence, may quite properly depend largely upon how many opportunities one has had to experience his love for the one or the other.

But what I would not say to the merely country-bred, I should not hesitate to say to the bigoted metropolitan. If he asked me whether I did not feel seriously the lack of those opportunities for artistic enjoyment which, by the way, only a very few of the very largest cities abundantly afford, I should ask him to take a look at the fresh new moon above the tree on some clear, crisp evening, or even merely to compare the drive home through country roads from some sortie into the village with a return by subway—or even by taxi, if he happened to be one of those whose economic status permits him to remain most of the time above ground.

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III

"But you do not seem to realize," many will immediately object, "how exceptional your circumstances are. Even among the rich, there are few who can escape the burdens imposed by their riches sufficiently to lead your kind of life as much of the time as you do. And among those who, like you, have a living to make, still fewer can arrange to make it as you do. Even granting for the sake of argument that the kind of life you lead is a good one, how could we possibly arrange society so that the mass of men could lead it?" "That," they will conclude triumphantly, "is the problem which has to be faced."

Now I have some kind of an answer to these remarks, but first I should like to say that the word "problem" is one which I did not intend to use even once, partly because its monotonous reappearance is one of the striking signs of our general unhappiness. Every civilization has certain key words whose constant employment gives a clue to the dominant tone of that society, and our tendency to see everything in terms of "the problem" is one of the clues to ours. We have not only the problems of government and economics, which are, perhaps, problems in most societies; we have also the "problems" of culture, religion and even of recreation. Indeed, we have turned other, even less likely concerns into other "problems."

Consider, for example, the case of Love. It has been, in many times, many different things. It has been considered in some ages primarily as Sin. In others, it has been considered as perhaps the greatest of the mystical experiences. In still others, it has been merely a game or a diversion. But in ours alone it has become simply "the problem of sex." And the curious fact is that certain "problems" are rendered, as this one is, unsolvable by virtue of the very fact that we allow them to present themselves to us in the form of problems.

But to return to such answers as I can give. One, perhaps seemingly hardhearted, might be, of course, simply the denial that anyone who finds himself fortunate is morally obliged to refuse to enjoy his good fortune because all are not equally fortunate. It might be argued that to refuse to accept happiness if everyone is not equally happy would not be a way of securing, even ultimately, happiness

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for everybody, but merely a way of making sure that misery becomes universal, since even the lucky will not permit themselves to enjoy their luck. Such perversity may seem a virtue to those who take certain attitudes, but it is perhaps not impertinent to point out that it has not always been so considered; that indeed, to Catholic theology it once was, and for all I know still is, a Sin—the sin of Melancholy which has been carefully defined as a stubborn refusal to be grateful for the good gifts of God.

But it is not really necessary to take this position, which many would find objectionable. The plain fact is that most people would not want my life. I am well aware of the fact that the majority of my acquaintances do not envy, but, rather, pity me. If I should take their inability to live in the country as "the problem" which I was obligated to solve, I should conduct a campaign to decentralize cities and to set the whole of a bitterly resentful population to catching trains with the commuters, whom the majority of them despise. Plainly, this is a case where the most applicable rule is not the Golden Rule, but that Brazen Rule proclaimed by Bernard Shaw: "Do not do unto others as you would that they should do unto you; their tastes may be different." And in my particular case I find that they usually are. The "problem" is made to vanish by the simple realization that it really isn't a problem at all.

I think that I shall not use the word again in the course of what I have reason, in experience, to hope will be a happy year. I am by no means disregarding the fact that I seem, to myself, to be in many ways singularly, if not quite uniquely, fortunate. That, indeed, is perhaps what this essay is about.

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The Amazon and a Revolution in Thought

Earl Parker Hanson

GEOGRAPHERS, ecologists and all others who deal with man's adjustment to his environment, are being challenged by a complex of worldwide forces which have already created some drastic changes in that adjustment. These forces have caused the liberalization of colonial policies everywhere, to the point where it is now widely recognized that "colonialism is obsolete and is disappearing rapidly from the earth." They have resulted in sweeping developmental programs, and have started the worldwide movement for political, social and economic growth which in the United States found vocal expression in Point IV of Truman's inaugural address. Among the causative forces are the threat of war, the insistent clamor of a billion underprivileged peoples for a place in capitalism's social-economic sun, capitalism's need for expansion, and that terrifying unbalance between numbers of people and the developed resources sustaining them which demographers loosely call overpopulation.

One result has been a new age of exploration in which hundreds of expeditions and technical parties are re-examining and revaluating various parts of the world for the purposes of eventual development. The Amazon basin has come in for its share of such re-examination, and is, indeed, superficially a "natural" in any quest for new frontiers. Almost as large as the United States, possibly as rich and varied in its store of natural resources, and endowed with climates which range from sub-arctic on the Andean crests to humid tropical along the

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river's lower 2,500 miles, it is still so "empty" of man and his works that a number of modern scholars have called it one of the world's great deserts.

The use of the word "deserts" is indicative of the common argument that natural conditions have to date prevented, and will in the future prevent, this great region's development. Historical considerations seem to buttress such reasoning. Today, over four centuries since Francisco de Orellana became the first white explorer to descend the main river, the basin is still a wild and often turbulent frontier, with three main cities which are functionally little more than overgrown trading posts, and with enormous areas of unknown territory whose inhabitants are among the world's few remaining "primitive" peoples. The efforts of the early Spanish and Portuguese, the pleas of Baron von Humboldt for development, the enthusiastic accounts of such nineteenth-century naturalists as Henry Walter Bates, the U.S. exploring expedition of 1849 under Herndon and Gibbons, the actual colonization of Amazonian lands by disgruntled American Southerners after the Civil War, the later developmental promotions in Bolivia's Amazonia by Colonel George Earl Church, and numerous other movements, concrete or intellectual, all had their day in the world's interest, but came to virtually nothing. Two frenzied commercial booms, one for quinine in the uplands, the other for rubber in the lowlands, ran their courses and petered out, unable to compete with orderly plantations in Asia.

In modern times we have seen the failure, or unwillingness, of the Ford Company to hold on to its multi-million-dollar rubber concessions on the Tapajoz, which it gave back to Brazil in 1945. The forces set in motion by Brazil's President Vargas in 1940, when he called for the basin's integrated development through international action, have by now played themselves out. The frenzied efforts of the United States to obtain wild rubber from the Amazon during World War II are generally conceded to have been at least a bookkeeping failure, costing fantastic sums for every resulting pound of rubber. The Hylean Institute, organized in 1947 by UNESCO for the purpose of furthering Amazonian development, is at least temporarily inactive, while the basin continues to hold only a few hundred thousand whites and perhaps an equal number of more or less

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savage Indians—with armed clashes between the two more common than is generally known.

Such historical facts are being marshalled as proof of the basin's essential worthlessness, though the very size and challenge of the Amazonian regions precludes all possibility that pleas for their development will ever be stilled. The argument, pro and con, is being heard everywhere today, with the scholars and academicians usually on the pessimistic side, while those who know Amazonia intimately, through long first-hand working experience, are often among the optimists. It is raging in many universities with departments of geography, in all the many agencies that deal with the tropics and their possibilities, in the United Nations, in countries such as India which need new emigration-outlets for their millions of dispossessed, in all the nations which have tropical colonies of their own and therefore may not welcome the emergence of a new producing area in the humid tropics, and finally in the six South American nations which own the Amazon basin and are too often not even considered in academic debates elsewhere.

However, the most cogent though least recognized single piece of evidence in favor of Amazonian development is the irrefutable fact that *such development is today actually going forward*. It is not progressing so rapidly as devotees of the idea may wish, and it is definitely not taking place in accordance with some pretentious, intellectualized, comprehensive plan beloved by scholars and scientists. Nor is it making headway without dissensions, setbacks, and local slowdowns and failures. But the fact of its headway cannot be denied.

Peru has built the Tingo Maria Highway over the Andes to Amazonian waters, has partially completed others, and is combining them with settlement projects. Current trends on Bolivia's Beni River and in the Santa Cruz region constitute encroachments into the Amazon basin, as does Colombia's modern concern with its cattle-plains and the recent establishment of a dry-weather road to Puerto Carreño on the Orinoco. Venezuelan moves toward the upper Orinoco are no less real because they are small and still in their infancy. Venezuela's diamond rush in the Gran Savana has stimulated cattle-drives from Brazil's Amazonian savannahs on the upper Rio

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Branco. Current expansionist movements of Brazil's industrialized São Paulo region are toward the north and have already invaded the Rivers Xingu and Tocantíns, with settlements as well as developmental concessions.

Modern Amazonian development takes place in somewhat the same manner as did that of Argentina during the early colonial days when Buenos Aires was found to be untenable but settlers nevertheless moved into Argentina from such neighboring areas as Peru, Chile and today's Paraguay and Uruguay. The fact that nobody in those days talked effectively about building what is now Argentina, and that many undoubtedly dismissed all possibility of such building, didn't at all mean that it wasn't being built—as a logical and inexorable manifestation of growth in the surrounding areas.

The modern, parallel movement in the Amazon basin teaches many lessons to geographers and other scholars. It is, for instance, a concrete indication of the urge for economic expansion felt in varying degrees by all the South American nations—which now need their frontiers as we suddenly began to need ours at the time of our greatest industrial expansion. The Amazonian movement indicates again, as have many other geographical movements in history, that the development of any one region is carried on more effectively by the nations that own it than by those that don't—or even by those individuals to whom such development is largely an intellectual exercise. The failure to date of all developmental schemes to be carried forward by international action may be only an indication that the world is not yet ready for such action. Indeed, modern Amazonian movements were given much impetus by one little-known, abortive, but powerful trend toward international collaboration; during the depression there was much talk of a general revolt in which the Amazonian parts of six nations would secede to form a new national entity around the river-basin—one which could overcome political obstacles and devote its energies freely to its own development and economic growth. That talk and many other signs indicate that the thousands of civilized people who live in the basin, do business and educate their children there, often do not share the gloomy views of those temperate zone scholars whose abstractions as often as not prove such civilized existence to be impossible.

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Indeed, the persistent idea of Amazonian development, no less than all other aspects of the worldwide Point IV trend, have already created the kind of crisis in scholarly and scientific circles that calls for a drastic re-examination of many of the social sciences' basic premises. With immediate development in the under-developed areas recognized as being urgently necessary on the one hand, but held scientifically impossible on the other, many of our scholars may well now be forced to re-examine and possibly revise or discard those of their basic premises which prove the impossibility. Fortunately, such revision is already going forward, as shown by the fact that for every scholar who proves this or that about the humid tropics, always with an impressive array of evidence, there is another who cites other and equally impressive evidence in support of exactly the opposite view.

The old idea that white men cannot live in the humid tropics without deteriorating, and must in any event have all their work done by underpaid colored labor if they do live there, while it is still fighting a stubborn rear-guard action, is today being attacked and disproved with increasing vigor. Men like Cilento, who draw on Australia's astonishingly successful experiences in tropical Queensland, point out that the fault lies with living habits fashionable in the tropics rather than with the tropical climate *per se;* that normal living habits produce normal health; that physical labor is not only possible for whites in the tropics, but is even an essential for health. The colonial type of development, with a few white overseers bossing thousands of colored near-slaves, has in any event always been impossible in Amazonia—in the early days because a vast, empty hinterland permitted the slaves to run away, and today because the cheap-labor type of society, with segregation along racial lines, is out of fashion and no longer feasible under Latin-American immigration laws, the growing resistance of the colored peoples themselves, and new concepts of world morality.

Many objections to Amazonian development amount in effect to knocking down the fantastic "straw man" idea that pioneers are always farmers, and that the basin's forests should be cut down to be replaced with agriculture to feed the world. That is more or less the idea advanced by General Gorgas after he had licked malaria and

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yellow fever in the Canal Zone, but it is a medical man's notion. The men who carry on the basin's development, despite objections from scholars, have never recognized such an idea. They think in terms of copper, timber, water-power, iron, gold, diamonds, quinine, and even manufacturing on the eastern slopes of the Andes, of tourist hotels (one of which already exists at Tingo Maria), of plantations of rubber, Brazil nuts, oil nuts, etc., on the vast alluvial plain, of modernized cattle-ranching on the savannahs, of lumbering, mining, and more water power on the uplands to the north and south of the alluvial plain, of trade and manufacturing—in short, of the integrated development of what various parts of the basin have to offer, going hand in hand with at least sufficient agriculture—not to make the Amazon basin the world's breadbasket, but to support other kinds of development, and in turn be supported by them.

The argument that tropical soils are on the whole not fertile, or too quickly leached to retain momentary fertility after the forests have been cut down, is met by experts like Charles Kellogg with the counter-argument that we have to date thought largely in terms of using temperate-climate techniques on tropical soils, and that newly-emerging tropical techniques, made possible by over-all economic development and changing political and social orientations, present vastly greater possibilities. In any case, there are many pockets in the Amazon basin in which the leaching does not seem to take place (as also in Java), while flood-plain agriculture, with annual refertilization through silt deposits brought from upstream areas is a long-recognized old technique—in many parts of the tropics, as well as in the Egypt of the past four millennia. There is every evidence that the flood plains of the Amazon and its 1,100 known tributaries can sustain sufficient agricultural production (of tropical, not temperate, foods) to support a tremendous general development for many years.

The argument of men like J. Russell Smith, that tropical diseases, and especially malaria, preclude Amazonian development, is met by impressive evidence that we have to date been too mechanistic in our attitudes toward malaria, and that the difference between the disease as a devastating social force and one that is socially no more harmful than is, for instance, influenza, may well be spelled by stand-

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ards of living and attendant dietary habits. It is certain that economic development, by raising such standards and making increasing public-health budgets possible, always tend to reduce malaria's inroads as a serious deterrent to economic development. Our success in the Canal Zone, Britain's recent success in virtually eradicating malaria in Cyprus, the similar success in Puerto Rico during the past seven years, the general elimination of malaria from Ohio and New York since colonial days, and in northern Europe during the past seventy-five years—all these indicate that public health is a purchasable commodity, even with respect to anopheline infections, and that rising budgets give communities the power to control malaria exactly as rising private incomes permit individuals to screen their houses, buy quinine, and improve general health through diet. The common idea that the whole vast Amazon basin would have to be cleared of tropical diseases before any part of it can be developed is counter to modern experience. Peru's new Tingo Maria settlement is eminently healthful, even though many other spots in Amazonia are not. Ecuador's Guayaquil has been cleaned up and is a thriving city, even though many nearby places on the Ecuadorean littoral are still socially and economically backward, and therefore also pestholes of malaria and other diseases. Mississippi is today no less a modern, "developed" and relatively healthful state because its rural and urban slums show one of the highest malaria rates in the United States. In any event, the claim that malaria prevents the economic development which would result in the economic, technical and organizational means for combatting malaria, is being recognized in many circles as a dog-chasing-his-tail argument.

Descriptions of the Amazon basin as a "semi-swamp" (Vogt) or a "fever-ridden pesthole" (Smith) are themselves geographical abstractions and therefore also convenient scholastic straw men. Few land areas as large as the United States can be as relatively homogeneous as is, for instance, Antarctica. It has been indicated above that, like the United States, the Amazon basin is an extremely varied region, geologically and climatically, in topography, fauna and flora, in the distribution of its developable resources, in accessibility, health conditions, insect life, and food-producing possibilities. For those who try realistically to estimate its productive potential, it has (albeit in

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tropical terms) its Dakota Bad Lands, but also its Mississippi Delta, its Wisconsin forests and Louisiana swamps, its Mesabi range, Texas oil, and Colorado minerals, its Wyoming pastures and Florida Everglades, its Niagara Falls (for power), and its potential seaports along two-thousand miles of the mainstream's course. It is as futile today to generalize about the Amazon basin as it was to generalize about the United States three hundred years ago, when educated Europeans (who stayed in Europe) noted the difficulties encountered by settlers on our eastern seaboard and were on the whole extremely pessimistic about possibilities in so unpromising a land.

As once with us and our own country, the nations and peoples that own the Amazon basin don't usually think in grand, sweeping terms. They simply examine the land, piece by piece, for what each area may have to offer, and then fill in the developmental voids as they acquire the means and are pushed by their own inexorable national necessities. Meanwhile the scholars' abstractions about the humid tropics continue to retreat from those medieval concepts under which no life could exist in the tropics at all, and continue to fight a bitter defensive action as they are being attacked, narrowed down, and pushed into a few ever-shrinking intellectual corners.

In the face of all such argument, however, the stubborn fact remains that the Amazon basin is still essentially an empty frontier and that efforts to develop it have to date resulted in many more failures than successes. Why? If all the environmentalistic explanations break down under scrutiny, it may be time for us to seek new explanations in a field not commonly recognized by geographers. The answer may well lie in the institution of colonialism in its broadest political, economic, social and psychological meanings.

It has been indicated that a colonial type of life, with a few whites ruling many colored laborers, not only debilitates white sojourners in the tropics, but is also impossible in the Amazon basin. There is as well evidence that such empire nations as Britain, trying to prevent commercial competition with their tropical colonies, have several times in the past done everything in their power (which is considerable) to *prevent* any real Amazonian development. The temperate-zone techniques under which tropical soils in general are known to be infertile are themselves the techniques of an extractive temperate-

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zone colonial psychology, and the current pleas for a truly-tropical soil technology are also pleas for an economy that will function for the enrichment of tropical locales rather than for that of stockholders living far away. To date, even the Latin-American societies have been "colonial" in structure, with a few land-owning aristocrats ruling many poor serfs; much evidence shows that these aristocrats have often prevented such real development in Amazonia as may drain the serfs away from their large estates and can offer disturbing commercial competition (as, for instance, in sugar) to the goods produced on the estates by archaic methods. In its crudest form, the Adam Smith economy, under which the Latin-Americans were to produce foods and other materials in return for finished products, is itself a colonial economy—especially when the raw materials are extracted largely by foreign capital. The short-lived but frenzied quinine and rubber booms in the Amazon basin, financed largely by foreign capital, may or may not have proved the basin's inadequacy; but they certainly did prove the wastefulness and temporary nature of looting somebody else's land for quick wealth.

But colonialism in all its aspects is today breaking down rapidly throughout the world, and the Latin-American nations are making strenuous efforts to industrialize and diversify their economies. Those trends place the question of Amazonian development, and of tropical development everywhere, in a brand new frame of reference.

When the entire complex structure of environmentalistic thinking about the tropics is under attack, it is interesting to speculate on what "new thought" may emerge to take its place in a modern time of renaissance. One possibility is that future ecologists will come to regard the problem of tropical development as largely a cultural rather than an environmentalistic problem—in the sense in which living habits and techniques, the distribution of wealth and social position, racial attitudes, economic structures, political organizations, etc., are cultural manifestations. Certainly, such an approach would substitute the positive attitude of the technician for the witch-doctor's defeatism.

Ethnologists know that the Amazonian Indians, as well as tropical aborigines everywhere, got along remarkably well with their "primitive" (in the sense of being non-monetary) cultures, as long as they

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were left alone. We also know that European peoples get along reasonably well with their monetary-technological culture, not necessarily because they live in the temperate regions, but certainly because they have been left more or less alone to develop and progress. But the tropics are today the world's colonial regions *par excellence*, with bastard cultures in which, for self-evident reasons, neither white nor dark-skinned peoples have been allowed to develop to their full capacities, while an effective working-adjustment between the two, aimed at making the most of the tropics for the benefit of the tropics and their inhabitants (white or colored) has been rigidly and systematically excluded.

Regardless of climate, soils, bacteria or any other consideration, no region on earth can possibly amount to much when its inhabiting millions are artificially kept down to a cheap-labor status and its resulting abysmal living-standards. That situation is now being modified drastically by the forces of which Truman's Point IV is one, in the Amazon basin as well as everywhere else in the tropical world. The modification promises much, not only for effective tropical development, but also for the reshaping of a defeatist body of scholarly thought which has by now outlived its usefulness, and which therefore stands in the way of human growth and well-being.

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The Atomic Clock

A Universal Standard of Frequency and Time

Harold Lyons

SINCE the beginning of time, man, in common with other creatures of the earth, has regulated his activities according to the rising and setting of the sun and the advent of the seasons. Thus, it was natural that the interval determined by the rotation of the earth on its axis, known as the solar day, should be used from the very start as the measure of time. Although other methods of counting time—such as the clepsydra or water clock, King Alfred's candles, the hour glass, and pendulum clocks—gradually developed, man has always depended, even to the present, on the rotation of the earth to provide an absolute primary standard with which other secondary time-keepers may be compared.

The Earth and the Atom

It was to be expected that the earth, being an enormous, massive sphere spinning in the vacuum of free space, would run at a very constant rate, once it had been set spinning. This was found to be essentially true, but in relatively recent times it was discovered by astronomical measurements that the spin of the earth is not absolutely constant, but undergoes fluctuations on which is superimposed a gradual slowing down. The slowing down is attributed to the dissipation of energy occurring in tidal friction, and perhaps also in friction between the earth's crust and its molten inner core. The fluctuations have not been explained, but they are very large indeed, being of the order of magnitude of one part in 25 million.

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This is so great that a depression of the entire Himalayan mountain range to sea level would not change the moment of inertia of the earth enough to give rise to the observed change in rate of spin. Rather, a world-wide redistribution of the deep inner layers of the earth would be required. It is not hard to believe that such changes could occur, since the earth's crust, in cooling and contracting, must constantly readjust itself. This readjustment is shown by the occurrence of volcanoes and earthquakes; it is even conceivable that accurate measurements of fluctuations in the rate of rotation of the earth could be correlated with observations of very large earthquakes. The observed fluctuations mean that absolute time measurements based on the mean solar day cannot be made with a smaller degree of error than one part in 25 million, or 0.000004 per cent, and similarly all frequencies measured in terms of the mean solar day are likewise limited in absolute accuracy.

One can easily write down the specifications of an ideal new clock to replace the dependable but unsteady rotating earth. A clock which runs at a constant or invariant rate, is reproducible, and has a basic character, is desired. By basic, I mean that the time standard should be determined by the universal constants of nature. (The mean solar day is a completely arbitrary standard, like the meter bar, having no fundamental relation to the structure of the universe.) These specifications immediately rule out all clocks depending on macroscopic entities, such as pendulums and quartz-crystals, because such macroscopic aggregates are always sensitive to external conditions like pressure, temperature and other environmental factors. In addition, no two pendulums or quartz clocks can be made precisely alike, so that if a master or primary standard were destroyed, it would be impossible to reproduce it precisely.

Any periodic phenomenon could be used as a time standard, since the cyclic repetition defines a time unit equal to the period or time interval for one cycle. Similarly, the number of cycles per second is defined as the frequency. If one should not use macroscopic aggregates, the use of microscopic entities, such as atoms or molecules, is immediately suggested. And, in fact, it has long been known that atoms and molecules do have periodic vibrations, or spectrum lines, at sharply defined frequencies, which would make them suitable

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as time standards, since these vibrations are, like all atomic properties, invariant and reproducible. This realization goes back to the beginning of spectroscopy. However, it was not possible to utilize this idea until recently because, although the time from one cycle to the next represents a time standard, one cannot measure time intervals, or in other words make a clock, until it is possible to count up the number of cycles or units of time in the unknown time interval being measured. This situation is analogous to that of using the wave length of light as a length standard, as was first done about fifty years ago, when Michelson measured the meter bar in terms of the wave length of red cadmium light. Michelson counted up the number of times the wave length of cadmium light fitted into the meter bar, which he was able to do by means of an interferometer. Without the interferometer, he had only a length standard; with the interferometer, he had an atomic ruler. It was similarly necessary to be able to count up the vibrations of an atom or molecule in order to make an atomic clock. These vibrations were at such enormous rates (or, in other words, the frequencies of the spectrum lines were so high) that counting was not possible until the discovery of slower vibrations in the microwave range, and the development of microwave techniques. This can be understood since ordinary light waves have frequencies of about a million billion cycles per second—too fast to handle!

As a result of the need for searchlight-sharp radar beams during the war, the development of the microwave region of the radio spectrum received a tremendous impetus. This is the region which extends from approximately a few hundred megacycles up to the infrared, or in terms of wave lengths, from about a meter down to fractions of a millimeter—very tiny indeed compared to broadcast radio waves which are almost half a mile in length. The remarkable advances in technique led to applications of microwaves in many new directions, among the most important of which was the field of microwave spectroscopy, the study of spectrum lines in the microwave region. It had long been known that molecules have spectrum lines at radio frequencies. It was not until recently, however, that techniques were available to make extensive or accurate measurements, although it is true that the absorption of microwaves

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by ammonia gas was observed by Cleeton and Williams at the University of Michigan as early as 1934. Spectrum lines result from electromagnetic radiation emitted or absorbed by atoms or molecules at sharply defined frequencies (or for light, colors). These frequencies are invariant and characteristic properties of the substances, as shown by the red light of neon signs, the green of mercury lamps and the yellow of sodium. Popularly speaking, the radiation is emitted or absorbed because of the oscillation or vibration of atoms or molecules.

Having an invariant time standard such as an atom or molecule does not mean that, when this time standard is used in a clock, the accuracy and reproducibility of the clock will be equal to that of the time standard. This situation can be explained by considering two clocks, both of which use pendulums as their time standards. The first clock, an ordinary grandfather's clock, keeps time of a fairly accurate sort. The swings of the pendulum are counted up by the gears and hands of the clock. However, a precision, observatory-type pendulum clock does not make the pendulum do the work of driving the counting mechanism. Rather, a master pendulum swings freely in a partial vacuum and controls a slave clock which does all the work of driving the counting mechanism. This enables the master pendulum to run at a very constant rate, giving accuracy far beyond that of the ordinary pendulum clock. Similarly, when the vibrations of atoms or molecules are used as time standards in an atomic clock, it is still necessary to search for the best clock-design methods in order that the over-all clock will be nearly as invariant and reproducible as the atomic vibration itself. This, however, is an ideal goal which can never be precisely obtained in practice. The counting mechanism inevitably reacts back on the system to affect over-all accuracy. In the case of atomic clocks, everything but the atoms or molecules used as time standards must be considered part of the counting mechanism.

The First National Bureau of Standards Atomic Clock

The strongest absorption or spectrum line which has so far been observed in the centimeter wave length range was also historically the first microwave spectrum to be discovered; it was used in the

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first atomic clock and is a line of the ammonia molecule which occurs at a frequency of 23,870,100,000 cycles per second. The ammonia molecule is shaped like a pyramid; three hydrogen atoms form the triangular base, while a nitrogen atom is at the apex. The spectrum line used in the clock results from the vibration of the nitrogen atom "up and down" through the base of the pyramid. This vibration is the "beat" of the clock. Although high, the vibration rate or frequency was still low enough to enable the counting of the oscillations, yet was high enough to achieve good accuracy—since theory shows that the higher frequencies allow greater accuracy to be obtained. This is partly because the relative sharpness of a spectrum line is greater at higher frequencies; in addition, its intensity is also greater.

Unfortunately, an atom or molecule does not vibrate, or—putting it more accurately—emit or absorb energy at one frequency only, but rather over a range of frequencies. The narrower the range, the more accurate the spectrum line will be as a time standard. The range or width of the spectrum covered by the spectrum line is determined by several factors. Among the most important of these are the violent collisons between the atoms or molecules which disturb the vibration, causing a broadening of the spectrum line. The thermal motion of the gas atoms also gives rise to what is called a Doppler broadening, similar to the change in pitch or frequency of sound heard as a vehicle emitting the sound is moving toward or away from the listener.

If a metal tube is filled with ammonia gas, and radio waves are sent through this tube, the signal will be absorbed when the frequency or vibration rate of the radio wave is exactly equal to the frequency of vibrations corresponding to the spectrum line. One may say the radio wave is tuned to the frequency of the ammonia which then absorbs it much as a broadcast receiver or radio set picks up the one station to the frequency of which it is tuned. Such a tube, filled with absorbing gas, is called an absorption cell. The intensity of absorption of the radio wave will be a maximum at the center frequency of the spectrum line, and weaker on either side, as already explained, because of the finite width of the line. This phenomenon can be made use of in making an atomic clock. If the

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cylic or vibrating mechanism giving the beat of the clock is made to generate a radio wave, the absorption of this wave by the gas will be at a maximum when the vibration rate of the wave and the clock is at the right frequency, and weaker if it is off frequency; this is the basic mechanism involved in control, although details of execution may vary.

The National Bureau of Standards clock generates the radio wave which is to be absorbed by the ammonia-filled absorption cell by means of an ordinary quartz-crystal, the most accurate type of oscillator available, plus auxiliary circuits. The quartz-crystal is similar to those used in controlling the frequency of broadcast stations, and oscillates at 100,000 times per second. This frequency or rate of vibration is then divided or reduced by electronic frequency dividers, until it is low enough to furnish driving current for an ordinary electric, synchronous motor clock, similar to 60 cycle, power-line-driven household clocks. The frequency of the power line current controls the rate at which a household electric clock runs. The entire oscillator and divider assembly is called a quartz-crystal clock. Such a quartz clock, although very accurate indeed because of the stable chemical and physical properties of the quartz-crystal, constantly and slowly drifts in rate with age, making it necessary to calibrate it in terms of astronomical time units if it is to keep accurate solar time. However, for periods of several hours to a day, it will run with a constancy of one part in 10 billion or better. To make an atomic clock, it is then necessary only to prevent this slow drift of time-keeping by controlling the quartz clock with the spectrum line. This is done by increasing the 100,000 cycle rate of the signal from the quartz-crystal; that is, frequency-multiplying the signal by means of electronic-frequency multipliers (which may be considered analogous to mechanical speed-increasing gears) until the frequency of the resulting radio wave which is generated is equal to that of the vibration of the ammonia molecule, 23,870,100,000 cycles per second. The multiplied frequency is then compared automatically by electronic circuits to the spectrum line frequency, by sending the generated wave at this frequency through the absorption cell containing ammonia. If it is wrong—that is, if it is not tuned to the right frequency—the

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absorption of the wave will not be a maximum and the circuits will generate an error or control signal, which is applied back to the quartz clock, changing its rate to make it agree with the ammonia molecule. In this way the ammonia locks the quartz clock to the proper frequency. Another and colloquial way of describing this action is to say that, through the control circuits, the beat of the quartz oscillator is tuned to the beat of the nitrogen atom vibrating in the ammonia molecule, as shown by maximum absorption in the ammonia gas of the radio wave generated by the quartz oscillator and multiplier circuits. The synchronous motor or electric clock counts the oscillations of the system since, through the control circuits, it is effectively geared to the molecules by the trains of electronic gears.

This type of atomic clock allows simple and accurate electronic circuits because the stability of the quartz clock is so great that all that is required of the rest of the mechanism is to prevent a long-time drift. Such a regulated clock has been completed at the Bureau of Standards, and run for a period of four days with a constancy of approximately one part in 20 million. The accuracy is already approaching that of the rotating earth. In future models of this type of clock, it is hoped that a theoretically indicated accuracy of one part in 100 million or more will be reached. The Bureau is carrying on development work toward this end, which is to lead to a joint design for the use of the U. S. Naval Observatory, the present keepers of the nation's time.

Atomic Oscillators and Atomic Beams

It would be desirable to make an atomic clock in full analogy to present quartz-crystal clocks, that is, consisting of an atomic oscillator driving a synchronous motor clock through frequency dividers. Such a clock is under development at the Bureau. It consists of an atomic oscillator in which the spectrum line directly controls the frequency of the microwave oscillator, just as a quartz-crystal determines the frequency of a radio oscillator. No control or regulator circuits of the type used in the first clock are used. The oscillator is of the self-excited, feed-back type in which the output of a microwave amplifier tube is fed back to its own input, ampli-

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fying the signal regeneratively (that is, over and over) until the circuit oscillates; this is much like the howling or oscillation of a telephone circuit when the receiver is placed to the mouthpiece. If the signal can be fed back only at the frequency of the spectrum line, then the oscillator can oscillate only at this frequency. This is done by using an absorption cell to make a spectroscopic filter and placing it in the feed-back path. Since amplifier tubes are not available for operation in the 23,870,000,000 cycle range, spectrum lines at the lower frequencies at which amplifiers are available were needed in order to build a test model. These lower frequency lines were synthesized by slowing down the rate of vibration of ordinary ammonia through the substitution of heavy hydrogen, or deuterium, atoms in the molecule for ordinary hydrogen atoms. Since ammonia consists of three hydrogen atoms and one nitrogen atom, building the molecule with heavy hydrogen atoms resulted in lines which were found in the range from 3,000 to 10,000 megacycles.

The Bureau is also sponsoring development of an amplifier tube, now almost complete, operating at the frequency of ordinary ammonia, where smaller components and more convenient and accurate operation will be possible; considerable development work for this type of clock must still be carried out. Starting with such an atomic oscillator, it is necessary to slow down the rate of oscillation until the oscillation can be counted. If regulator or control circuits are to be avoided, this must be done by means of straight frequency division analogous to using speed reducing gears; no frequency multipliers as used in the first clock are allowable. Such a frequency divider capable of operating at the high rates encountered at microwave frequencies was also successfully built for the first time at the Bureau. It was found by direct measurement that this electronic frequency divider or speed reducer was accurate to at least one part in 10 billion, so that it will not contribute to any errors in the clock beyond those present in the atomic oscillator itself. The atomic oscillator could also be used for general frequency control applications, such as keeping a transmitter on the proper channel in a microwave communication system.

A third type of clock also under development at the Bureau, with the aid of Professor P. Kusch of the Atomic Beam Laboratory of Columbia University, is now in the early stages of construction. In

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this type of clock, one again begins with a quartz-crystal clock which is to be regulated by means of the spectrum line. However, in this case a beam of cesium atoms shot from an oven in a vacuum tank to a target detector is to be used, instead of a tube filled with an absorbing gas. By use of atomic-beam techniques, very much sharper spectrum lines can be obtained, because the broadening of the line due both to collisions and to Doppler effects is eliminated. This is achieved because an atom in the beam, making a collision with another atom, is deflected out of the beam. The target therefore only detects collision-free atoms, obviating collision broadening. In causing the transitions or exciting the vibrations in the atoms, the microwave signal which is to be regulated is applied at right angles to the motion of the beam, thereby eliminating the Doppler broadening. In this way, spectrum lines which are up to 300 times sharper than those obtained with the ammonia molecule will be obtained. After multiplication from the quartz-crystal oscillator, the microwave signal is compared to the spectrum line frequency in the cesium atom, and if it is wrong, a control signal is generated which is fed back to correct the quartz clock. Theory indicates that an accuracy involving a degree of error of one part in 10 billion or more may be possible, because of the extreme sharpness of the spectrum line. This is an accuracy of one second in three hundred years.

Atomic Time

The development of atomic clocks is as yet in its early stages. If the full potential indicated by theory and present results is obtained, it is hoped that a new unit of time, based on a suitable spectrum line of one of the atoms or molecules, can be proposed. This would replace the mean solar day as the present legal, internationally adopted unit of time for all uses in physics, chemistry and engineering. It is doubtful that atomic time would be used for civil purposes, since man's activities will always be controlled by the rising and setting of the sun and by the seasons. Likewise, astronomers will want to know astronomical time in order to point their telescopes properly. Similarly some navigation methods require astronomical time. If atomic time were adopted and initially made equal to astronomical time, the time scales would eventually diverge because of the slow-

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ing down of the earth. However, atomic time would be universally applicable throughout space; one is not very much interested in the rotation of the earth for keeping time when living on Mars, for example.

With precision types of atomic clocks, the rotation of the earth could be constantly measured in order to determine just how accurately it runs. At the present time, astronomers find it difficult to tell just when a fluctuation in the rate of rotation occurs; even the year of occurrence is doubtful. It is planned at the Bureau to measure the constancy of rotation without waiting for construction of the necessary clocks by comparing the frequency of rotation of the earth against a spectrum line directly. If it is observed that the spectrum line frequency, measured in terms of mean solar seconds, seems to change, this can be ascribed to a fluctuation in the rate of rotation, since the spectrum line frequency is invariant. It is hoped that the possibility of correlations between the fluctuations and earthquakes or other large-scale terrestrial phenomena can also be determined. It has been proposed by Professor V. P. Starr of M.I.T. and Professor W. H. Munk of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography that atmospheric and oceanographic currents can give rise to small fluctuations in the rate of rotation. Although these effects are very small, it may perhaps be possible some day to look for these also.

If atomic clocks of very much greater accuracy than those presently under development can be built, it will then be possible to make new macroscopic tests of the theory of relativity, since the concept of time is central to the theory, and indeed to investigate whether there is a difference between Newtonian time and atomic time, as some theoreticians predict. Such measurements would of course have consequences of the greatest importance.

It is interesting to note that the atomic clock development has resulted from the application of atomic physics to practical problems. It is another example of the growing importance of atomic physics to engineering developments of universal concern.

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Sonnet

Gene Baro

Let fables tell what we have feared to learn,
or beasts miraculous in double speech,
the phoenix heart whose mystery we yearn,
the sphinx whose graven silence we beseech.

Let ravens prophesy and owls discern
the wished reality their truths impeach;
where dragons ravage, salamanders burn,
familiar countryside we cannot reach.

Even of love we have the vision wrought
and called for spirit magical as stone,
in deeper token cringed before our thought:
that gods may gather we have gone alone.

The world remembers what it fears to scorn,
hate for the man, love for the unicorn.

✪ GENE BARO is a young writer, living in Florida. His work has appeared in such periodicals as *Tomorrow*, *Accent*, the *Quarterly Review of Literature* and the *Antioch Review*. Currently, Mr. Baro is working on a novel and a volume of poems.

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Reunion in Snow

Evelyn Ames

Here where the sands of summer still lie buried
Under a cover white as the breasts of gulls,
We came on a golden morning in December:
Snow softened the rocks, snow rounded the bony hulls
Of wrecks at the harbor's mouth, snow smothered the shells.
It was warm—less with the memory of September
Than with May's promise mysterious in the air;
We sat on a log of driftwood, facing the water,
And opened our hearts—in turn laid out the wares
Of years to consider, explored our half-known selves;
We moved in a world as delicate as flowers.
Thoughts interlaced like arcs of sea-gulls, white
In the air around us, flying the breathless curves
So soon erased, the patterns of their flight
More real than the element which they informed.
We saw the dazzling shore, the peacock water,
Heard the cold waves unroll, draw back and rest—
And knew they were less true than where we wandered—
Winter explorers, by summer briefly blessed.

✪ The poems of EVELYN AMES have appeared in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *University of Kansas City Review*, *Voices*, the New York *Herald Tribune* and other publications.

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Liberty and the Ladies

Philip Wylie

ARE American women making the most of the rights and privileges for which they fought? Answering the question in THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR Forum (Winter, 1949-50), Miss Agnes Rogers says, after some hedging, that the ladies have lapsed a little owing to the fact that "critics of women" have set the standards "impossibly high." Mrs. Worth Tuttle Hedden takes slightly a different view. "There is nothing 'wrong' with women," she says categorically. The trouble—the whole trouble—is with critics of women; women are "people in skirts" and people with or without skirts ought not to be allowed to raise their voices against women.

This essayist is among the "critics of women" named by the ladies: Miss Rogers accuses me of believing that American housewives are a bad lot. That is not what I have said. And in view of the misinterpretation, along with Mrs. Hedden's totalitarian rejection of the right of people to criticize people, I feel that the ladies need straightening out.

It would be easy enough to let off Miss Rogers, who winds up her article by expressing the dewy-eyed hope that someday the ladies may even achieve the "impossible" standards set for them. She has confessed; she is entitled, by American custom, to silly optimism based on false premises. But one cannot read Mrs. Hedden's effusion without realizing that she has failed to comprehend the essence of that "freedom" for which the suffragettes, and the later feminists, said they were striving. In a single remarkable sentence, she has summed up most of the flaws in what the "modern" woman deems to be her mind. Referring to mothers and home-makers, she says:

✪ PHILIP WYLIE has written many novels and short stories. His best-known book is, perhaps, *Generation of Vipers,* published in 1942.

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"What women employed in this essential industry do with their free time is no more the concern of a self-appointed critic than an enquiry into the recreational hobbies of food-transport workers is of a legally designated labor relations board."

Consider just a few of the many implications of that sentence, after noting that it is a *non sequitur* and worthless as logic. The maternal and domestic duties of women constitute an "industry" which should be viewed as is "labor"! The helpmeet of "economic man" evidently is "economic woman" and their relations are primarily of an industrial nature. Biology, psychology, religion, culture, sex and love are not to be considered here. Just business. A critic, being "self-appointed," is probably incompetent. In any event, he must not criticize woman outside her work-province; she may use her leisure to subvert liberty, destroy human feelings, and turn our nation into a rabble of infantile-adults—still, the doomed bystander has no right even to call attention to the fact. Such reasoning—rather, such lack of reasoning—is characteristic of members of the fascist and the communist state!

The right to criticize, Mrs. Hedden—to observe freely, and freely to speak—is an integral function of free people. And when you use your justly-earned franchise in an attempt to deny me mine, I think you set the Founding Fathers spinning like dervishes in their graves.

Why, one asks, after reading the limping alibis and angry *ad hominems* with which the ladies attempt to account for their stewardship of liberty, are they so hostile to criticism? It is a question to which I have devoted some thought.

Eight years ago, in a book of 318 pages devoted to the homicidal foibles of American men, I used a twenty-page aside to list parallel imperfections in certain types of women whom I called Cinderellas and Moms. The homily pointed out that there were plenty of good women in America and invited them to join in a little laughter at those who missed the mark. Ever since, it has been nearly impossible for any woman to write anything about women without first giving me the mallet, meat-axe or—as here—the brush-off, for that solitary, fantastically disproportionate trifle of demur.

My work, including the book in question, makes it plain that I love, admire and respect the ladies; I have gone to lengths in their

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defense that very few of them would dare. But their response to my moment of heckling forces me to conclude that most American ladies *imagine they are perfect*. Nothing, as Mrs. Hedden says, is "wrong" with them; the trouble is with critics and criticism. They insist they are "people" but—alas!—they nearly all refuse to accept even a tithe of the blame for the crescendo of catastrophe and the hideous prospects of our half of the twentieth century. And that, of course, is the classical attitude of spoiled children.

What in hell *is* the matter with them?

Two things, principally, I have come to think.

One is neatly implied in the phrase (also Mrs. Hedden's), "The diploma's proof of equal intelligence." A good many alert educators have wondered if the American theory of education is mistaken owing to its palpable failure to produce many persons able to behave intelligently. Nevertheless, the ladies have cited their ability to learn and parrot—which does equal that of men—as "proof" of equal "intelligence." What it takes to get good marks in school is a quality most perfectly embodied in the phonograph record and may not be the whole of "intelligence." But for two generations, the ladies have used their share of that cunning to show just their over-all "equality" and from that inferred an *identity* with men.

The feminists set out to reveal themselves able and willing to do and be and feel all that men do, are and feel. So their "struggle for independence" was not so much an effort to acquire new freedoms *and the duties* which accompany all rights as it was a mere revolt against womanhood. Once women accepted the mythical idea that they were identical with men, it was automatic that they should revolt against every contrary fact; womanhood itself is such a fact. People, unfortunately, have an extravagant capacity to live by myths; they are able completely to delude themselves for centuries at a clip. But the difficulty with mythological faiths is that, sooner or later, reality catches up and the public cost is in keeping with the size of the common error.

A bright six-year-old could see that the same brain would produce differing climates and behaviors on the very different bodies of a man and a woman. Frantic psychologists, neurologists, endocrinologists, anthropologists and sane laymen have been trying to re-

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store that simple truth to view ever since the theory of diploma-equality was inflated and distorted into the legend that equal school marks mean identical Everything.

Of course, if men and women *are* identical, the history of humanity is inexplicable. So, of course, they are not. But because they try to think they are, a great many women have been grievously frustrated. In our industrial society, they saw men engaged chiefly in looting the Machine Age of its fruits. Hence they regarded the chief aim of their new, "identical" way of life to be entry alongside men into the massive twentieth-century raid on the world's resources.

That is why nearly all the comment offered by Miss Rogers and Mrs. Hedden (as well as most others who discuss the "status" of women) is confined to fiscal matters. The disappointment in what they have accomplished concerns wages and their statistical scarcity at the top of highly-paid businesses and professions. But the earth, as Vogt, Osborne and many others have shown, cannot long sustain or ever universally provide the material "standard" demanded today even by the middle-class American. If women had wished to remain the *complements* of men they might sensibly have mobilized for the conservation of something for their children's children. But that historical function of nourishing the species has not interested them. Why?

The revolt against womanhood is, necessarily, a revolt against *love*. Womanliness is that with which they have to love. By trying to make it congruent with masculineness, they have had to abdicate its loving aspect. If—for instance—they still loved us, they would not object so ruthlessly—so viciously—when we upbraided them, in efforts to resolve our *common*, awful difficulties.

Here, then, is the first of the two fallacies of which I spoke. It is not possible to consider human hopes or human problems in respect to women alone, or men alone. Either sex, by itself, is *humanity extinct*. "Woman" connotes, includes and means *man*—and vice versa. The habit we have of viewing them separately is a form of schizophrenia. Nothing good is gained, and every useful perspective is lost. To think realistically of mankind is to think of continuum and of evolution—to think of what can be accomplished in the present through what has been learned from the past for the sake of what

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may be in the future—to think, in sum, of *children*. And that means, in turn, thinking of *love* and of *sacrifice*.

Feminism has been largely anti-sacrificial. The old suffragettes did not say, "We want freedom in order to share in the battle *for* freedom. Liberty is the hardest discipline humanity has ever accepted. Give us equal rights and we shall dedicate our lives, our treasure, our sacred honor to its maintenance and extension, for we are aware that liberty alone guarantees posterity everlasting opportunity."

To a considerable degree, modern society has lost sight of the biological premise of life. Freedom has been productive of an immense body of truth, but it has not yet been incorporated in a conscious design of reality which gives emphasis to the function of continuum. Offspring, as *the first human purpose*, is today given lip-service instead of primary attention. The actual first purpose has become *the* enhancement of material environment in our society—and in many others. That focus on present environment has been *rationalized* by multitudes of men, from Marx to Dewey, into what has become a widespread *belief*. The belief is that man's biological nature (i.e., his "human nature") is the result entirely of his environment.

Our American "faith" that out of a "good" environment will inevitably flow a noble, responsible and ethical citizenry has been made the *excuse* for avid materialism. Most ethical leaders have come from humble homes; but today, these are disdainfully called "underprivileged." The Nazi hierarchy was well-housed, well-clad and well-fed. So is the personnel of the Politbureau; those trained to take their perfidious places are carefully nurtured in such comfortable environs as we Americans imbue with our trust. The moral is too plain to set down. What we have actually done is to avoid such facts, and to *alibi* our excessive lust for affluence, for pleasure, for ease, and for that idiot chimera, "security." The result is not surprising: most adult Americans are themselves children, which is to say —infantile. We have plundered the earth for our pleasures—robbed posterity—and thereby only put our grown-up, shameful selves in the emotional nursery.

To achieve that condition we have employed not merely the

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"behaviorist" rationalization of our natures but, also, a long-standing human assumption that we *are* pretty noble. The ladies, indeed, used that vanity as a torch in their crusade: it is rather amusing to note that, even while they demanded "equality," they insisted on their "superiority," besides—their *moral* superiority. They promised to purge the nation of sin if they were enfranchised and the anxious, guilty males gave them the vote. Nothing happened, for, in reality, what they deemed to be "loftier morals" was but the pathetic compensation for a set of sex standards that made most of them frigid.

Perhaps, rather, we have deteriorated. At any rate, surveys show that the beloved "little people" have turned into cheats; when we take them our cars and radios to fix, they will gyp us almost to a man. Staggering numbers of college students are shown by other surveys to imagine they can educate themselves—by cheating! The governments of whole states are run by criminals. Americans who would a generation ago rather have cut their own throats, today pay bribes. Meanwhile, we have lost our freedom.

Twice in our half century we have fought wars for liberty which could have been avoided if there had been more citizens, aware of the menace, to free men of *any* tyranny—more, that is, of the sort who said "Stop Hitler," and fewer who replied in fatuous, deadly futility, "America first." The debt of those two blunders sits on the shoulders of our children. But we have done something still more disastrous.

Freedom of knowledge is the well-spring and source of liberty. After Hiroshima, we *should* have said that no nation could so act as to force us to lock up liberty. We failed to see the point. We disbanded the most potent military assemblage in history, and let a devastated nation bluff us into abandoning the core of freedom!

Today our citizens no longer possess the factual information necessary for political judgment. Their representatives do not have that information. At the center of national action, we are a dictatorship, a police state. Instead of being free to tell us what they have learned, our thinkers are ringed by armed guards and sworn to silence. Our leaders argue publicly what they regard as a case for "loyalty" as against "free speech." Day by day, illiberty encroaches

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upon new areas and new persons. We have rationalized that wretched abdication of our heritage by the pseudo-sportsmanlike statement that we will not fight "preventive wars." The issue was liberty—not the physical menace of another nation—and *we never saw it!* Thus, ultimate ignominy comes home to dwell in and to corrupt the slap-happy environment of the self-spoiled infantile-adults of the U.S.A.

Hitherto, at the eleventh hour, we have managed to pull ourselves clear of general debacle. But, in the past two world wars, we have lost sight of the fact that it is *freedom* over which we have fought. And now, we have lost *freedom* itself—without a fight. Our one hope is that we may recover the sense of what is important and what is real before even another victory might leave us no more free than our grim, potential adversaries. For "environment," in spite of the hedonistic theories of all revolutionaries and "educators," is not the whole source of what our forebears called "character."

We have put the cart before the horse and filled the cart with gasoline and finally pretended we have done away with the horse. But there is more "horse" than "cart" in humanity—more of biological instinct than of gadgety invention. What we need to remember is that we—men and women alike—live not for ourselves, but for our common future, and that a future without liberty would be a hellish heritage to hand to generations who, because of what *we* inherited, will have every reason to expect a freer climate than this sickly present.

The issue is ethical. It is biological. It is not primarily fiscal. It is not basically environmental.

Before he acts, a man must *know;* all he is, depends upon the integrity of his mind and the space, the liberty, he gives himself for its scope. To believe that we must first *have*, in order to know or to act properly, is mad. It is the common madness of these days—the universal low dream of a self-discredited planet. Life, in liberty's terms, *is still as hard as it ever was—and will always be.* That is what the ladies did not recognize when they demanded to be emancipated and what the gentlemen had already forgotten.

It is what Jesus meant, I think, when He pointed out that a knowledge of the truth would make men free. He might also have said that only through the use of freedom can mankind extend

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truth. And the method of progress, from the standpoint of the sexes, is cooperative, not divisive and competitive. It involves the character of men and women first and fiscal ambitions only after that. It requires that the sexes learn the mature essence of their complementary natures; the differences between them were intended not only for continuum but also to furnish mankind with its source of sympathy and empathy of art, of pleasure and contentment, of understanding and of love. To endeavor to conceal those differences, or to use them combatively, is to attempt the extermination of human personality. That, perhaps is the inevitable, absurd, last, awful fate of persons who would at once serve the code of puritanism and yet call themselves "intellectual."

What we need is a new sexual culture to replace the Old Testament thesis that woman is viler than man. And the means to that end, as I trust I have indicated, will be found in the use of liberty for the finding of new truth. It is a quite urgent need; for Western Man, Scientific Man, Christian Man, is very nearly insane today. He should remind himself that he is not necessary to Nature and, so far, has been a detriment to all the rest of it. Since he is dispensable in cosmos, he probably is not eternally essential to God. His continuum is up to man—whereby I mean man-woman—and a good beginning could be made with the simple realization that the idea of sex alone is doubtless a more important idea than the whole concept of *homo sapiens*.

The cold war of the sexes in the last centuries has only made the women frigid and the men foolish. Love needs a Renaissance.

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The Craft of Translation

Richard Winston

Mystery and discretion! If your tongue
Wishes to speak, bite your tongue!
The road is wide; take the right:
You will find me where you know I'll be.*

THESE lines, marvelous to relate, are a literal and unembellished translation from a book entitled *Aventures d'Alice au Pays des Merveilles, par Lewis Carroll.* That is, they are the translation of a translation. They are somewhat more familiar to most of us in the form:

They told me you had been to her,
And mentioned me to him:
She gave me a good character,
But said I could not swim.

Whenever I feel the need for good clean fun in the professional line, I turn to my French copy of *Alice in Wonderland.* But I am careful not to laugh too heartily at the unknown translator, because my own house is also of glass. And what, after all, could any poor devil of a translator do with Lewis Carroll? Why is the Mock Turtle so funny, while *la Tortue à Tête de Veau* is just absurd? Here are mysteries; here the keenest discretion is needed, and the road is not at all wide. It is narrow, crooked, without signposts, and the translator must find his way along it as best he can.

At the end of the road lies the unattainable, the perfect translation. Every translator makes his way through thickets of words,

*Mystère et discrétion! Si ta langue
Veut parler, mords ta langue!
La route est large, prends à droite:
Tu me trouveras là où tu sais que je serai. . .

✪ RICHARD WINSTON has been a professional translator for twelve years. Mr. Winston has translated work by Theodor Plivier, Hermann Rauschning, Réné Fueloep-Miller and Thomas Mann.

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across the barriers of national psychologies, toward this ideal. He falls into all kinds of traps on the way, and he is likely to make a fool of himself. But if he has the artist's passion for perfection, he keeps trying anyhow.

This sounds rather melodramatic in connection with the lowly translator. But translators do have a passion for perfection, and translation at its best is an art. When it reaches greatness, as it occasionally does, the qualities that make it great are both as obvious and as indefinable as greatness in any art. As with everything else, it is more often run-of-the-mill than either terribly bad or very good. And as with any other art, it is more rewarding to talk about craft and craftsmen than to consider the higher theory.

I am sometimes asked to work over translations done by amateurs. At such times I am always impressed afresh by the importance of technique. Amateur translations have a dispiriting sameness about them. Inevitably they strain for literalness; they try to convey the sense of every slightest particle in the original. Yet all the subtler modulations of the original are missing. The translation reads like a piece of music that rocks unimaginatively back and forth between tonic and dominant. The sentences lack rhythm entirely or have a movement quite foreign to English. Of the living emotion in the original you find only fossil remains.

These amateur translations may have been done by persons who have an intimate knowledge of the foreign language, literature and culture. Some are done by writers who are good or even gifted stylists at their own writing. Yet a good English style and knowledge of the other language are only the minimum equipment for the translator. So much more is involved in translation than the substitution of equivalent words. Ideally, the translator should combine the abilities of both writer and editor—although if he is too much of a writer he will balk at the self-denial that good translation demands. . . .

Every language, every writer and every book pose their own special problems for the translator. That is, every work to be translated has three kinds of peculiarity. Intellectually or intuitively, the translator has to assess these qualities and then reproduce them in English.

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In translating from the German, for example, we must always be on our guard against sentimentality and overemphasis. The German language itself allows greater leeway for these qualities than does English. The translator has to impose some of the notorious Anglo-Saxon restraint upon the German text, or the translation will sound grotesque. Dudley Fitts has indicated that this same problem arises in translation from the classics. In the introduction to his *Greek Plays in Modern Translation* he writes: "It would be pointless to deny that modern English shuns the kind of rhetorical elevation which one finds in these plays and which was once natural enough in English itself. . . . This complicates the translator's task, for he is constantly being tempted to indulge in specious beauties—anything rather than the dreary flatness that his language assumes when he compares it with his original."

I should not go so far as to say that modern English must be drearily flat to be acceptable, but it definitely hits a lower note than modern German or classical Greek. There are, of course, ever so many ways of getting around the problem. Sometimes the translator tinkers with the language. Sometimes he must gear whole passages differently. It isn't that English has such strict canons of taste; it's that we feel differently in English, respond differently. It is as though the tonal systems of the two languages were divergent, and the piece in question has to be transposed into a scale our ears recognize.

Another major problem of translation from the German is clarification of the thought. Nietzsche wrote that the Germans have a fondness for everything "crepuscular, misty and obscure." This lack of verbal definiteness has advantages; German can achieve emotional and musical effects that can hardly be put into English. There is no question here of the "superiority" or "inferiority" of one language in respect to another. They are simply different, and the translator must take their differences into account. Where the German is general, the translator must often make his English specific.

French, on the other hand, is justly famous for its clarity. English lies somewhere in between French and German. To turn French successfully into natural English the translator may find he has to blur slightly the lucidity of French prose.

He will undoubtedly have to do something about the adjectives.

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For French clarity is largely due to the liberal use of distinguishing adjectives. If German is a language of nouns, French is a language of adjectives. When French prose is translated literally into English, the effect is "overwriting." The translator has to recast sentences, using other parts of speech in place of adjectives.

In working on French the translator must also be on guard against making his prose sound Gallic. French and English share a vast common vocabulary. It is natural and easy and seems precise to translate, say, *affinité* by "affinity." But possibly a good English writer would more naturally use a word of Anglo-Saxon origin, such as "liking" or "kinship." Context is decisive, of course. But many translations from the French are weak because the translator has succumbed to the lure of the obvious. This always makes for a certain weirdness in English, and sometimes for outright mistakes.

Some translators from French and German seem to think that English should be peppered with foreign phrases. The idea seems to be to give the translation "atmosphere." I have always thought this a faulty procedure. The italicized foreign word often annoys the reader and rarely helps him. That is particularly true of long German titles like *Obergruppenfuehrer*, *Standartenfuehrer*, and so on; most English readers have no idea what rank the wearer of such titles holds. (They happen to have been the Nazi Elite Guard's equivalent of lieutenant general and colonel.) Few words are completely untranslatable—except in the sense that anything in a foreign language is untranslatable because all the connotations can never be got across in translation. In most such cases it is better to use the nearest English approximation.

Books have been written on the structural and psychological differences among languages. This is not my province. But the translator must be pretty sure he understands these differences in the languages he deals with. He must also be able to tell where the quality of the language ends and the personal quality of the author begins. The translator will have to know when the author is doing something original and when he is following the conventions of his language. And then he *translates* what he has discovered about the author's style into the flesh and blood of English. If he has the gift of translation—and plenty of practice besides—this becomes instinctive.

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Scott Moncrieff's imaginative re-creation of *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* exemplifies this kind of discrimination at its finest. Proust's long, beautiful sentences with their many tangents and multiple allusiveness, are not at all typically French. In turning them into English, Scott Moncrieff kept close to the original sentence structure, and yet he skirted any awkwardness. The result is a great translation; Proust is almost as good in English as he is in French.

Bad translation is more conspicuous than good, of course. If we are looking for a horrid example, for the opposite extreme from Scott Moncrieff, we can turn to the standard translation of Freud by the late A. A. Brill. Freud was no Proust, but he wrote a clear, forceful, flexible German. He was interested in getting his ideas across, not in creating a rigid terminology for them. On the other hand, he was a scientist, not a literary man, and he made no innovations in German style. He took his language as he found it.

Unfortunately, Dr. Brill followed slavishly the structure and texture of Freud's German. The English text by Brill makes needlessly heavy reading; the diction is so poor and the sentences so shapeless that both the lay and the professional reader cannot get at the substance. A sentence like the following, chosen at random from *The Interpretation of Dreams* (Modern Library edition), sounds like one of Mark Twain's celebrated parodies:

"In all essential points identical with this doctrine is Wundt's statement that the concepts of dreams proceed, at all events for the most part, from sensory stimuli, and especially from the stimuli of general sensation, and are therefore mostly phantastic illusions—probably only to a small extent pure memory-conceptions raised to the condition of hallucinations."

On second thought, maybe this is closer to Lewis Caroll than to Mark Twain.

Dr. Brill was so bent on getting down Freud's *meaning*, every inch of it, that he neglected readability. In so doing he made the meaning almost inaccessible. The translator must keep to his text, of course. But he must also allow himself considerable latitude if he is to convey the many intangibles that make up a style.

How much latitude can the translator allow himself? There's the

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rub. He is entirely on his own and he must make bold decisions all the time. No one, not even the author, can tell him where faithfulness ends and mistranslation begins. He must depend on his own good sense, his experience and his intuition. Even when the author is available for consultation, he usually does not know enough English to be really helpful. Sometimes an author makes slips and expresses himself poorly. Would he want such passages corrected, or are the eccentricities essential to his manner? Such decisions call for editorial judgment. The translator is always at the service of his author. But on occasion he must be ready to save the author from himself.

Nowhere does the translator need and take more latitude than in the translation of dialect. (I am not considering translation of poetry; that is another realm.) Every passage in dialect is a fresh problem, and almost every translator attempts a different solution, or rather several different solutions at various times. Certainly it is impossible to lay down any rules for the translation of dialect. Only a few highly general conclusions can be offered.

What is the American translator to do when he comes across dialogue written, say, in Provençal or Bavarian? These are, in France and Germany, southern dialects, and the naïve solution would be to translate into the dialect of our own South. But dialect carries too strong a local flavor. It cannot help striking readers as silly when a French peasant talks like a Southern poor white. The same restriction, oddly enough, does not apply to urban speech. Is it that metropolitan life throughout the world has more similarities than dissimilarities? At any rate, it doesn't seem so strange to translate Berlin dialect or the argot of Paris into New Yorkese or even into Cockney.

But in most cases the translator is obliged to invent a new language that gives the impression of dialect speech without reference to any particular locality. There is a loss, of course. A specific local dialect brings with it a host of associations that are not present in a "synthetic" dialect.

As I have suggested, successful transmutation of thought and emotion from one language to another is both a technique and, ultimately, a mystery. How a translator earns his living is another mystery. I have made some half-hearted surveys of the question,

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but the few scarred veterans of translation prefer *mystère et discrétion* to a candid answer. So I can offer only my own experiences and what data I have picked up here and there by reading between lines.

The fact is that they don't make a living. How could they? The translator's fee for even the hardest kind of translation, abstruse technical stuff like philosophy, rarely exceeds ten dollars a thousand words. The cheapest pulp magazines and the smallest trade journals pay more than that for their material. In this age, when every intellectual can hope that some day he will be rewarded far beyond his merits, the translator is without that comforting illusion. He knows he'll always live on Grub Street.

Dostoevsky has sketched the classic picture of the translator's economic status in *Crime and Punishment*. Raskolnikov, you will remember, was waiting for a translation. I have luckily escaped the wild fancies which spawned in that translator's brain. But I, too, and every other translator, have "waited" for a translation.

Samuel Putnam is one of the few persons I know of who for a long time lived exclusively by translation. I read his *Paris Was Our Mistress* with bated breath to see what would be the outcome of such an experiment. He lived in France, supported himself by translating the newer French and Spanish writers, and incidentally performed a vital cultural service. For example, his *European Caravan* (1931), an anthology of postwar European literature, introduced many European writers to the American reading public. As a translator he has always turned virgin soil. He has recently done similar service by making Brazilian literature better known in the United States.

In *Paris Was Our Mistress* Putnam recalls how he had settled down in a remote French village with wife, child and goats, and had thought he was there to stay. Then one day an American publisher offered him a new translation. Something told him this was the last translation he was going to get, and he used the money to return to America and find a job. His intuition was correct; it was his last translation for many long depression years.

I see this story as symbolic of the position of the translator. Certainly translation is no profession for those who are bent on security. Nor is it a profession for those seeking even modest recognition.

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Acclaim for a translation, such as has recently been accorded to Putnam's distinguished version of *Don Quixote,* is very rare. It is the usual thing for translations not to be noticed at all. Unless they are really atrocious, they are taken for granted.

Yet there must be some compensations, or no one would stick to so unrewarding an occupation. What are they?

This is a question I have asked myself many times. Part of the answer is the satisfaction of working as a free lance, of not being tied to routine. (This is a specious lure.) Another part, perhaps, is that translation is the creative process within a fixed framework. Possibly the translator's creative satisfaction is like the actor's, whose lines are already written.

I was never sure. Then one day I read what Justin O'Brien, the translator of Gide, had said to an interviewer. Quite inadvertently he had touched the heart of the matter. How often I had had the same feeling! I realized that fulfilment for the translator lies in his identification with the writer.

"Sometimes," O'Brien had said of Gide's *Journals,* "I feel as though I had written them myself."

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The Tonic of Southern Folklore

Douglas Southall Freeman

DIVERSITY in union and a regionalism that no longer transcends nationalism are among the exhaustless delights of America. If surveys of the folklore of New England and of the Old South differed from similar books about other parts of the United States it would be, of course, in the depth of the background. Among Southern states, for example, some of the distinctive qualities that have shaped folklore have been the British stock, the presence of the Negro almost everywhere, the persistence of the Confederate tradition, the dominance of staple agriculture, and a climate that supplies outdoor themes for stories more appropriately told under a shade tree than from a chimney corner.

British blood has given homogeneity to the white population and has assured the same outlook on life, within the bracket of the variations of individual peculiarities. A story-teller may have a feeble charge in his gun but he may be sure that, such as it is, it will not miss fire. So certain is this that one hears the echo of the same laugh to an ancestral yarn that has been carried from one state to another and has been given local dress wherever migration has halted. Some salty observations that were old in England when brought to Jamestown in the 1600's are heard with a chuckle even now and are credited to some Texan whose grandfather carried them with him from Virginia via Tennessee. In contrast, German, Jewish, and even Irish jests seldom are heard in the South.

The pervasive presence of the Negro has sharpened the humor of men of British stock precisely as it has softened their speech. This has been a process of long continuance and of large influence. A British visitor complained in 1746 that Virginia parents would

✪ DOUGLAS SOUTHALL FREEMAN is perhaps best-known for his four-volume biography of Robert E. Lee, for which he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1934. This essay is adapted from Mr. Freeman's introduction to *A Treasury of Southern Folklore,* edited by B. A. Botkin (Crown, 1949).

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"suffer" their children, when young, "to prowl among the young Negroes, which insensibly causes them to imbibe their manners and broken speech." Any traveler of two centuries later could say the same thing, with the added observation that Southerners cherish so much affection for a language with no terminal g's that they have ceased to care whether the elisions were originally theirs or the Negroes'. If the Negroes are grateful for their advancement in the South, they may assert that they have recompensed their teachers; and if the Negroes wished to avenge themselves for their bondage, they could say they had made their masters their captives in music, in mimicry, in humor, and in laughter. There was a period—it has not yet ended in some parts of the South—when certain of the Negro leaders regarded their people's music as an echo of slavery, and their happy nature as reconciliation to inferiority. May they never prevail on the Negro to abandon his spirituals or to stifle his innate humor! A nation that has had the curse of two world wars in a single generation needs the solace of song and the tonic of laughter.

For close to two generations, the war of 1861-65 was the great fact in Southern life. Conversation of the elders gravitated to the heroes and the horrors of that conflict. The inexhaustible theme of argument was responsibility for the Confederate failure—it never was called the Confederate defeat—at Gettysburg. Second only to this was the question: Would Sherman ever have succeeded in marching to the Sea if Joe Johnston had not been relieved of command in front of Atlanta? It was much more a matter of parental duty to see that a son knew the Southern estimates of casualties in the principal battles than that he remembered with precision the provoking difference between seven times eight and nine times six. All constitutional questions were relatively unimportant in comparison with that of the right of secession. The thump of the wooden leg of a Confederate office-seeker on the wooden platform erected for "speaking on court day" was more eloquent than any speech a rival could spin out to the inevitable peroration on Southern womanhood.

The four gradations of assured damnation were those of atheist, "nigger-lover," Republican and, in the very pit, Confederate deserter. Privately, individual Confederates might admit that such and

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such a veteran had told the same lie so often that he believed it, but if any Yankee disputed it, then a comrade most certainly had to be defended. All this, of course, became the very web and woof of folklore. The first surprise in analyzing the effect of the glorification of the Confederacy is that so much sound historical writing was done almost from 1865, in complete independence of fanciful tales fervently retold and generally credited. Second among the surprises is the fact that out of so convulsing, so overwhelming a tragedy there came so little good poetry. No satisfactory explanation of this ever has been given. Thomas Nelson Page and Mary Johnston and Margaret Mitchell wrung dry the romance of the Confederacy as a theme of fiction. Until the appearance of *John Brown's Body* in 1928, even the most ardent Confederate would have been hard hit to pick out any single poem on battles or leaders or death or victory, and to have said, "This is first class."

The cotton and the corn, the marshes of Glynn and the red hills of Georgia are the natural, indeed the ideal, setting for the development of a folklore in which the planter, the preacher, the politician, the "poor white," and the Negro are the central figures. A kindly climate did the rest. Uncle Remus never would have understood what "Br'er Fox" was saying if the old man had lived where he had to wear ear muffs. All this doubtless is true, *mutatis mutandis,* of the folklore and of the music of every country.

On the stage thus set, heroes hold first place. Perhaps every land that has the tradition of a Lost Cause builds its monuments in a certain sentimental determination and seeks through its memorials both to exemplify and to perpetuate its ideal. There is much truth in the dictum, "Show me a people's monuments and I will tell you what manner of men they are." The South was in the 1870's "a land of tombs"; by 1900, obelisks rose above the graves, and Confederate monuments stood in many a rural courthouse village. Sons and daughters may not retain their parents' belief that certain of these figures are as fine as Michelangelo's David, and that every bronze rider deserves as much aesthetic reverence as the Colleoni, because the sculptors were Confederate veterans or, at the least, men of local origin. If today a certain reticence is observable when the pose of the county's marble Confederate defender is questioned, there is

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no wane whatsoever in the devotion of Southerners to their heroes. Exact knowledge of Confederate campaigns and commanders has yielded to the vagueness that covers nearly the whole of American history, but Lee and Jackson and Forrest and Beauregard have become the symbols of what Southern men ought to revere. This holds true even if some of these demigods have been portrayed as so flawless that a youngster despairs of emulating them.

In sharpest contrast is an older form of hero worship in Southern folklore. This is not regional. Perhaps one would not be stretching a thesis if one said the hero of the fireside and of the shade tree is not American, or even Aryan, but primal. Specialists may dispute origins, precisely as Mark Twain explored what he termed the geology of jokes. When all the variants of the "golden bough" have been classified, and when even Sir James George Frazer's resourcefulness has been worn to the last title of the final reissue of his books, are there more than two elemental qualities in the basic folklore of man? Are not those two strength and cunning? Say what you will, Jack is the great-grandfather of all the folk heroes; his beanstalk is the symbol of his prowess, the antecedent of David's sling and Arthur's Excalibur and all the weapons of all the great warriors. George Washington may be, after a thousand years, the legendary hero of America. At least, no man yet born on this continent seems to have so good a prospect of that form of immortality. If it should so eventuate, the Washington of folklore will not be the patient general who held together a demoralized army, but the young man who breasted the ice-laden Allegheny; not the bold designer of the campaign of Trenton and Princeton, but the boy who was credited with throwing a dollar across the Rappahannock. It will matter not the least that no silver dollar circulated widely among the American Colonials in Washington's youth, and that if it had, he was so acquisitive that he probably would have been the last young resident of the Rappahannock Valley to throw a coin away. This story is the ideal raw material of folklore and, as such, has its place in such folklore. Probably the tale of the dollar will outlive that of the cherry tree because, it is submitted, strength was admired before moral virtue was. As for cunning, the other primal quality that found its way into the stories the sire told the grandson in the cave,

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the adjective connotes Ulysses, but that Ithacan, son of Laërtes, was of an ancestry lost in the earliest tales of China and of India. In Joel Chandler Harris' delightsome tales and in all the other folk yarns about foxes, have we a transference to the animal of the admired cunning of man; or was man first likened to the fox because the exceptional human learned the way of Reynard?

What may be said of the style of story-telling in the South? Was it as good as the raw materials from which it was made? Did it have the rich colors of the background? Few will give an unqualified affirmative answer. There were artists in narration, but art no more was universal in this than in any other form of human endeavor. Herein is disappointment, because in the rural South there was time enough for perfecting any embellishment the narrator devised. Some men who loved tall tales made the most of clocks that ticked slowly. It was suspected of at least one famous Southern raconteur, for example, that he set down on paper the best of his stories, word by word, and that what appeared to be unconscious adornment and a happy, instant fashioning of metaphor was actually studied declamation from a much-revised manuscript. That may have been slander of a gentleman whose verbal bait seldom failed of takers, but the regrettable fact stands: Storytelling was not so artful as it should have been. It was too long-winded, and it had too much of the echo of the political platform. Spontaneity was lost in the polishing of paragraphs.

Southern oratory drew heavily on folklore and perhaps contributed to it, but, in general, speechmaking had much the same faults as storytelling. Whether in the pulpit, striving for the souls of men, or in the courtyard, seeking votes, the orator of the early nineteenth century echoed the style of a romantic age of literature. He was apt to be verbose and over-ornate—to walk around a subject just as, on occasion, he wound his way around the platform, lest the auditors on the left conclude that they were not receiving as much attention as their brethren on the speaker's right. If out of this there have come legends of audiences swept into the deep seas of emotional storm by the eloquence of some "forest-born Demosthenes," some frontier John the Baptist, it is entirely probable that the man most responsible is one now almost forgotten—William

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Wirt of Virginia. He was attorney general of the United States for twelve years, was himself a speaker of much charm, and was the author, among other works, of *The Letters of the British Spy* (1803) and of the first detailed biography of Patrick Henry (1817). The supposed experiences of the spy included a halt at a church where a blind preacher, an authentic person of standing, James Waddel, was describing the crucifixion. Wirt's account of the minister's sermon was itself a remarkable piece of writing. As it appeared in a book quite widely circulated, it inspired many to imitate James Waddel. If students catch now and again the echo of stories of some great, unappreciated orator of the backwoods, it is quite likely that the tale originated in the pages of William Wirt. He certainly was responsible not only for the supposed form of Patrick Henry's speech on the arming of Virginia in 1775, but also—and chiefly through that utterance—Wirt influenced for two generations the approved style of rotund Southern oratory.

Henry's peroration on "Give me liberty or give me death" probably has some title to authenticity. As much may be said of a few other sentences in the speech that schoolboys still "learn by heart." For the remainder of the deliverance, there is no authority beyond hearsay and old men's remembrance of youthful impressions. The speech, in the judgment of some, is one-tenth Henry and nine-tenths Wirt, but it was accepted as one hundred per cent the model of what an oration ought to be, and it was imitated endlessly and stylistically. The politician who aspired to be heir to Henry's eloquence was supposed to take off somewhere in the vicinity of the bottom C of the bass clef, to soar at least as high as F of the treble, to drop then abruptly a full octave, and to twist to finality at any elevation he chose. This was known among fledgling orators as "curling," and it was all in all a most extraordinary, not to say a perplexing, device. Wirt assuredly ought not to be held responsible for this style of delivery, but insofar as he shaped a tradition, it is to be noted that he did not issue his life of Henry until almost the time of the Missouri Compromise.

Thus have we Americans, in Henry's supposed speech, a bit of developing folklore of an age not yet much more than a century and a third. That is by no means the latest example. What could be

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more completely in the mode of folktale than the familiar remark that it "was worth traveling all the way across the State just to hear William L. Yancey pronounce the word 'Alabama' "? Still again, witness the manner in which "The Wreck of Old Ninety-Seven" already has become a regional possession. Recent or remote, African or Aryan, the existing general pattern of Southern folklore probably was set in late "slave days" and during the Reconstruction. This is understandable. Behind the songs and the stories often were inextinguishable humor, zeal, faith and acceptation, in a spirit almost Hellenic, of the adversity man could not escape—a state of mind the South needed when her cities were ashes and her sons were slain. There is some dark laughter in Southern folklore; there is superstition, too; but there is manhood and mirth and cheer for dark nights.

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George Gissing's Outcast Intellectuals

Jacob Korg

GEORGE Gissing, who may be called the most neglected of the substantial Victorian novelists, devoted three of his books to stories of gifted men unable to find a place in society. As a social novelist, he resembles other writers of his time, a period which was, in spite of all that may be said against it, the first whose literature displays a profound concern for the human beings involved in social problems. This is a quality which distinguishes Victorian literature from the writings of almost any previous age. Polemicists and satirists had taken arms in the past against the corruption and folly of social institutions, but never before had writers turned their attention with such understanding and deep feeling to the misery and strife which lay below the proud structure of a great social order. We sit with Dickens in Stephen Blackpool's squalid home and hear the snoring of the wretched wife he cannot divorce; we wander aimlessly with Esther Waters from one back-breaking job to another, sharing her despair as well as her blind determination; we endure the sweat-shop with Alton Locke. This brand of social criticism rested on the simplest and most irrefutable of arguments: the humanitarian one. We are deafened past thought by "The Cry of the Children" and need neither religious sermonizing nor political analysis to convince us of the existence of enormous wrongs.

Unfortunate women, hypocritical clergymen, victimized children and depraved paupers are all found in Gissing's novels, but he seems to have specialized, so to speak, in the figure of the disinherited intel-

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lectual as the victim of social injustice. The spectacle of the gifted young man cast out by society is, to Gissing, the most damning evidence of the world's spiritual bankruptcy.

His method is that of the naturalist. The Gissing novel is long and level, dense with minor incidents of illustrative rather than dramatic value. He seems to follow a sequence of events rather than to create one. Observed things are put before the reader without any distortion or intensification to sharpen their effectiveness. They are copied whole, given their due length. As a disciple of Zola, Gissing felt that everything relevant must be transplanted honestly and accurately to the pages of his narrative; and the omissions, economies and exaggerations commonly practiced as matters of novelistic technique were to him abhorrent sins. He displays a belief in the rationalistic conception of truth which motivated Plato to exile the poets. In replying to the publishers who rejected his first novel, *Workers in the Dawn*, on the ground that it was "deficient in dramatic interest," Gissing wrote:

> Yes, but for "the reader of fiction" I did not write, nor do I expect to please that worthy abstraction. My novel is only deficient in dramatic interest in the sense in which all the best novels are deficient. It is not sensational in plot, since its object is to depict real life.

The notion that the best way to "depict real life" is to copy it is a strange error for Gissing, of all people, to have made. The fact that he shared it with Zola, George Moore and other naturalists makes it no less incongruous in his case, for when he is known by his criticism and letters, Gissing appears as a sensitive artist who was acutely aware of the values and methods of the novelist's art.

In his fine book on Dickens, for example, Gissing manifests a thorough appreciation of the older novelist's artistic power, as well as a realization of his shortcomings. His appraisal of Dickens' success in characterization is based on piercing insights which have since become commonplaces in Dickens criticism. This success, says Gissing, rests on superb external description, but fails in character-analysis and development, and is generally inadequate in the depiction of complex characters or powerful emotions. "There are conversions," he says, "but we do not much believe in them. . . ." He notes

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the abuse of coincidence in which Dickens sometimes indulged, and condemns it as "the sin, most gross, most palpable. . . " Gissing was sufficiently interested even in the more abstract problems of the novelistic art to address himself to the dilemmas which arose from Dickens' successful violations of good novelistic practice. How is it, he asks, that a character like Mrs. Gamp, who would be quite unendurable in real life, arouses an unquenchable thirst for her presence in the novel? "I am perfectly aware," he says, "that this inquiry goes to the roots of the theory of Art." And he shows his power to deal with such questions by offering the partial answer that the novelist's effect is gained by careful selection and omission. Finally, Gissing manifests a definite sophistication and sweep of understanding of these matters in his defense of Dickens' didacticism. He is, of course, above the common Victorian error of confusing moral and artistic values. He cannot escape the fact of Dickens' greatness, though he admits that his chief interest was always the moral one. "Art is not single," says Gissing in this situation. "To every great man his province, his mode."

Gissing's familiarity with novelistic technique does not argue his ability to apply it in his own novels. But the fact remains that he almost never made serious use of it, and his neglect of it is undoubtedly a result of the fact that he embraced a concept of fiction which ruled it out: the naturalistic one. Motivated by an intense desire to tell truth as directly and authentically as possible, he exiled himself forever from the deliberate distortions which are the methods of novelistic technique. Instead, he adopted the view of Zola that the novel should be a social experiment in which an individual and an environment are brought together, and the results faithfully recorded. The integrity of his material—the spectacle of suffering humanity—was to him inviolable. He was keenly aware that everything counts. Shortly after the death of his brother William at an early age, Gissing wrote to another brother, Algernon:

> The immortality of man consists in this reflection—that not a word we utter, not a thought we think, not a battle we win, not a temptation we yield to, but has and *must* have, influence upon those living in contact with us, and from them, like the circles spreading in a pool, extends to the whole future human race.

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Often Gissing insisted that his works should be judged as works of art, and not as social tracts. Like Zola, he felt that the essential nature of art was that it was true. His main interest lay not in the reforms of conditions which his novels treated, but in the works themselves as perfected expressions of truth. In 1883 he wrote to his brother Algernon:

> The world is for me a collection of phenomena which are to be studied and reproduced artistically. In the midst of the most serious complications of life, I find myself suddenly possessed with a great calm, withdrawn as it were from the immediate interests of the moment, and able to regard everything as a picture. . . . The impulse to regard every juncture as a "situation" becomes stronger and stronger. In the midst of desperate misfortune I can pause to make a note for future use, and the afflictions of others are to me materials for observation. . . . Brutal and egotistic it would be called by most people. What has that to do with me, if it is a fact?

Such was the aesthetic principle under which Gissing labored to chisel out, bit by bit, the surface of his matter-of-fact novels. He lacked neither sensitivity nor depth of feeling, but he subdued any temptation to heighten the effects of his stories. Having adopted the creed that the truth should be made to speak for itself, he applied himself to the task of setting it forth whole and coherent.

The plight of the exiled intellectual is recorded then, rather than interpreted, in Gissing's novels. But observation can never be complete, and in spite of his intention to view objectively, Gissing's selection of materials is thoroughly personal. His protagonists, for example, all resemble himself. Their bookishness is of a similar Latin and Greek flavor. They are all retiring, egotistic, difficult, perverse, and at home in squalid lodgings. Osmond Waymark of *The Unclassed* befriends and eventually marries a prostitute, as did Gissing himself. Edwin Reardon of *New Grub Street* has made a Mediterranean trip, as had Gissing. Godwin Peak of *Born in Exile* has, like Gissing, been forced to leave school prematurely, but for a different reason.

To begin with the earliest of the novels, Waymark is a poor schoolmaster who, after he is dismissed from a picturesquely horrible school for beating the headmaster's son, earns his living collecting rents in a slum neighborhood. He is in love with Ida Starr, a

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young woman of doubtful reputation. Waymark's sympathy with the poor gives way, as the novel progresses, to a contempt for the mob and a devotion to art and learning. He says of his old radicalism that it was a result of "zeal on behalf of my own starved passions."

The climax of the novel is reached when Waymark, in the course of his rent-collecting, is attacked by an unspeakable pauper named Slimy and tied fast to the floor of a filthy tenement room. Slimy robs him, exultantly announcing, "I'm going to drink myself dead," and leaves Waymark to starve to death, exiled from a world which needs and awaits him. Fortunately, he is missed, and is finally discovered and rescued. His defeat is not decisive, for his marriage to Ida Starr more than compensates for the loss of his independent isolation and devotion to learning. However, the novel's happy ending is little more than a faint afterglow of optimism completely overshadowed by the strife and tragedy of the main actions.

In *New Grub Street*, the tragedy is far more eloquent, and the burden of guilt for the waste of Edwin Reardon's talents must be said to fall clearly on society. Social demands, represented by the Scylla of his comfort-loving wife and the Charybdis of his exhausting work of writing novels for the commercial market, combine to destroy him, although his fall is hastened by his own weakness. His antithesis in the novel is Jasper Milvain, a clever and utterly mercenary young man who writes, as he does everything else, simply to make money. Milvain becomes a success, and steps over the corpse of the fallen Reardon to marry his widow at the end of the novel. He reminds us that a doctor or a psychologist could not have helped Reardon, for a strong Reardon, one prepared to withstand the rigors of the economic and moral climate in which he lived, would not have been a Reardon at all, but a Milvain. The society Gissing depicts had no place for the artistic integrity which made the production of bad work so torturing an experience for Reardon. Any novel three volumes long, sufficiently puffed by the Milvains of the day and properly obedient to the demands of popular taste, might succeed. After going through the spiritual ordeal of writing one such novel in order to keep his home together, Reardon gives up the economic struggle and moves to poorer quarters, losing his wife, who refuses to go with him; he takes a badly-paid position unworthy

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of his talents, and spends his leisure time dreaming of a second trip to Greece. He is already shattered as man and as artist, and soon dies as a result of exposure and general poverty. The facile Jasper Milvain on the other hand, unfaithful in love and unscrupulous in literature, attains his highest ambitions. Casting the flies of his talents and affections in various directions, he catches the prizes of Amy, Reardon's widow, now made more desirable as the heiress of a fortune, and the glory of an editorship. The novel closes as he asks Amy, in the conspicuous comfort of their home, "Isn't the world a glorious place?" She answers:

> "For rich people."
> "Yes, for rich people. How I pity the poor devils!—Play anything. Better still if you will sing, my nightingale!" So Amy first played and then sang, and Jasper lay back in dreamy bliss.

Born in Exile is the fullest and most perceptive of these three studies. We first meet Godwin Peak as a poor, gifted student of a scientific and anti-clerical bent, who is in the uncomfortable situation of being ashamed of his lower-class family and yet owing his education to it. He must pretend to be grateful, and is thus compelled to practice hypocrisy early in life.

It is Peak's deep sense of class which makes an exile of him. His Cockney uncle plans to open a restaurant across from Peak's college to be called "Peak's Refreshment and Dining Rooms," and the unbearable shame attached to this drives the boy to leave school and go to London to study. Other emotions stir in him, to make him restless and unhappy. He is shown an advance copy of a Latin examination by an obliging printer, and although he turns away with hardly a glance at it, suffers from tormenting feelings of guilt. From the cheap seats in a theater, he sees a classmate occupying a box, and for the first time feels in himself the desire to become a "gentleman."

The novel skips a ten-year period, and we meet Peak again as a more worldly person, at home in company and elegant in silk socks. He is a scientific rationalist, flushed with the doctrines of Lyell and Darwin, and writing articles for "atheistic" publications. His shame of his origin has developed into a vigorous detestation of the common people, especially Londoners, and their vulgarity. He tells a friend

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that it is his ambition to marry a refined gentlewoman, and he constantly takes pains to escape "the vile contact of poverty."

During a trip to the country, he encounters the middle-class family of a former schoolmate, Buckland Warricombe, and becomes interested in Buckland's sister, Sidwell. He is ravished by the comfort and propriety of the Warricombes' home. He determines to make himself a part of the family, and to escape his class once and for all. He decides to play the hypocrite in order to gain his ends, and to profess religious beliefs which would make him an acceptable suitor for Sidwell's hand. Buckland is flabbergasted to learn that his old atheistic friend is about to study for orders. Intense inner suffering accompanies Peak's attempts to carry out his program, and he is sometimes completely overwhelmed by remorse.

> A hypocrite was not necessarily a harm-doer; easy to picture the unbelieving priest whose influence was vastly for good, in word and deed.
>
> But he, he who had ever prided himself on his truth-fronting intellect and had freely uttered his scorn of the credulous mob! He who was his own criterion of moral right and wrong! No wonder he felt like a whipped cur. It was the ancestral vice in his blood, brought out by the over-tempting circumstance. The long line of base-born predecessors, the grovelling hinds and mechanics of his genealogy, were responsible for this. Oh for a name wherewith honour was hereditary!

Shortly after his interview with Buckland, an article of Peak's entitled "The New Sophistry," which vigorously expresses his own atheistic point of view, is published anonymously. He reaches new depths of hypocrisy in keeping his authorship a secret while he discusses this article with the hostile Buckland. The twin goads of shame of class and the blind desire to marry a well-bred woman—specifically Sidwell—urge him steadily into dishonor. He feels the full power of his appalling weakness only when he realizes, after a rather dishonest conversation with Sidwell about his beliefs and ambitions, that he has come to the point at which "It was Sidwell or death."

When Peak's authorship of "The New Sophistry" is discovered by Buckland, the whole deception is laid bare. Peak leaves Exeter and goes to the North of England, where he continues to write to Sidwell. A fortune is unexpectedly left to him by the sister of a friend

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who has long been in love with him, and he proposes to Sidwell by letter. When she refuses, his love for her turns to contempt, and he goes to travel on the continent. Fragmentary reports come to England telling vaguely of his travels, then of an illness, and finally, a letter, written in German by a stranger, gives an account of his death.

Under the pressure of social demands, Peak is transformed from a lover of learning to a worldling, from the scrupulously honest boy who suffered over the accidental glance at the Latin examination to a consciously hypocritical man. In seeking to escape the onus of class inferiority, he finds himself writing under the far heavier burden of personal dishonesty. Characteristically, Gissing isolates, with objectivity and detachment, the social evils that bring about Peak's downfall. As a naturalist, he carries out his responsibility of running a social experiment fairly and clearly.

It is the world which is at fault in each of these three novels. Although he was a rebel, Gissing had no other social or moral values than the Victorian ones, and he criticizes his age on its own terms, denouncing its practice with texts from its preaching. For him, as for his contemporaries, loss of honor and the failure to carry out worldly responsibilities are fatal. The standards of love, learning and religion are raised high in his novels, but the stories, when rung, give out the clear sound of silver coin, like most novels of the time, in which fortunes and inheritances play so large a part. He deals with issues of great interest in his day, like philanthropy, the profession of literature, and the controversy in science and religion. His own partisanship in any of these matters is not of fundamental importance. It would be a mistake to regard *New Grub Street* merely as a tract against the system of book-publishing, or *Born in Exile* as a blast against the church. Gissing's outcry is more general and more vague. He is offended at a world in which Milvains succeed while Peaks and Reardons are snuffed out. He condemns a society which speaks of altruism and spirituality, while its highest rewards go to competent hypocrisy.

Gissing himself had occasion to feel the injustice of the society which he wrote about. He was something of a social outcast, was often in want, and saw his devoted literary labors go more or less unrecognized. But only by knowing his life can we see that Gissing was

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often writing about himself, for he rules personal commentary out of his novels, as a naturalist should. He does not take sides, and his opinions and condemnations are allowed to proceed by themselves from the course of events. His scrupulous detachment is the mask of an intense moral indignation. Louis Cazamian has observed of the English social novel of a somewhat earlier period that it became more realistic as the moral preoccupation became dominant. With Gissing, rigorous objectivity is a mark of self-control—a determination, characteristically English, to win credit by simple honesty. The dark, cold, enduring tragic quality of his work is wrought in the heat of bitter moral outrage.

Rational criticism of society was not Gissing's vein. His conviction of social wrong was perhaps too strong to permit him to analyze the elements which caused it. Nevertheless, there is a great deal of accuracy in his picture of a hostile world in which the gifted man is penalized rather than rewarded for his superiority. It expresses powerfully the agony of loneliness and want, the sterility of egotism and the pathos of waste.

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The Scavengers

Dorothy Lee Richardson

I have stepped among the sleeping dogs of years
Carelessly until now. They slept so deep
I never feared to rouse them from their sleep.
But lately they begin to twitch their ears
And thump their tails and lift their heads and howl.
When I would dine too well they scratch my jowl.
When I would run too fast they nip my heel.
The sleeping dogs begin to stretch and prowl.

Shall I sit still and hope to keep them quiet,
Through my poor passiveness, a little longer?
Grow weak through effortless days while they grow stronger?
Turn meager through a life of meager diet?
Or shall I kick against their pricking sway?
Stride boldly though they lounge along my way
Snapping and slavering? Refuse to be
Turned by the fact that dogs will have their day?—

That suddenly, all at once, the heavy pack,
More numerous and swift than ever before,
Will cease its worrying ways and with the roar
Of seventy throats leap full upon my back,
Tearing with teeth and claws, and bear me prone
And find my throat to crimson my one groan
With the jugular's bright spurt; then settle down,
Easy and slow, to gnaw me to the bone.

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a debate resumed . . .

AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY

Using the Past to Move Forward

Gale W. McGee

In the Autumn, 1949, issue of this publication appeared an article, "American Foreign Policy and Its Consequences," by Professor Laurence Sears. It represented a specific attack upon United States foreign policy. While the present essay was originally undertaken as a rebuttal, it has been broadened to represent something more—a positive statement in behalf of that policy. Dr. Sears's thesis was carried in a subtitle, "Walking Backward into the Future." In paraphrasing it, the thesis of this article might well have been, "Walking Forward into the Past." To avoid the ambiguities implicit therein, however, it seems better to state it thus: "Using the Past To Move Forward."

George C. Marshall, some months before his retirement as Secretary of State, reminded us that the average American did not know enough history to understand what was taking place in world politics today. This is all too true. A glance backward through the pages of a history book (surely within the province of an historian of American diplomacy) reveals a great deal. It suggests, for example, a set of premises to American foreign policy far different from those advanced by Mr. Sears.

The first premise is that, in spite of the hopes born of the war, the world emerged from it essentially no different in its international relationships than before. This is not to overlook a more intense sentiment for peace or the greater willingness to accept sacrifices to attain it than perhaps at any other time in history. No one would dare suggest, however, that these forces had been powerful enough to change in any fundamental way the old nation-state system. Whether we like it or not, ours is still a jungle world of sovereign nations and international anarchy.

It may well be proper to impose the blame upon the failure of the Americans at the San Francisco Conference in 1945. One can even admit that the lowest common denominator there was the Senate of the United States. But that is water over the dam. It is much less imperative that we fix

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the blame for yesterday's failures than that we aim at an intelligent policy for today and tomorrow.

The second premise is that the political balance of the world, upset by the defeats and exhaustions of the war, must be restored before successful treaties can be signed or a "system" of peace can be expected to evolve. Even mentioning "balance of power" is no less than the opening of a Pandora's box, and the writer does so with trepidation. He would be the last to contend, however, that the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century factors which conditioned the so-called "balance" of the world's political systems were absolute and irrevocable. But those students who would dismiss it completely as a factor today are not being realistic.

After most of the recent great wars in history, a readjustment of the political balances has preceded whatever stability may have followed in the postwar period. Among sovereign states a so-called "favorable" balance was synonymous with national security. It meant that with the end of hostilities, there occurred between the victors a short-of-war struggle in diplomacy to secure as great an advantage as possible in constructing the new balance. Until the political vacuums created by the defeat of one or more great powers were filled, this diplomatic "cold war" continued.

A more complex accumulation of political vacuums than those left in the wake of World War II the history of the world is not likely to record. Not only were three world powers destroyed—i.e., Germany Italy, Japan—but at least two of the victors, England and France, were left so exhausted by the conflict as no longer to be in a position to fulfill their historic roles. For several centuries Great Britain in particular had taken the responsibility for keeping the nations in balance. And who is there to say that it was without success? It is this position that the English were compelled to relinquish to the United States. But the latter country, seeking to exercise the new responsibilities, found its efforts challenged by the only nation able—or disposed—to do so, the Soviet Union. The Russo-American cold war, thus, has sprung from the most fundamental of historical antecedents.

The third premise is that Russia is bent upon a course of dynamic expansion and cannot be trusted to keep her pledges. Be it said that the Soviets have every "right" to carry on as they have, or to oppose the Americans at every turn. In a lawless world who is to say what can or cannot be done?

Nor should one lose sight of the fact that some of Russia's acts could have been expected whether world communism had had its capitol in the Kremlin or not. Russian nationalism has had its historic goals for centuries. But lest it be inferred from this that Moscow is no different under the Cominform than it was under the Czars, let one not lose sight of the Soviet-inspired agitations of the Communists around the world —a factor which is considered below.

What this has meant is that the Kremlin has attempted to exploit every chaotic condition in sight and where possible has seized those areas cast loose upon the stormy waters of world politics by the destruction or weakening of their former anchorages. In the latter instance, the more parcels that could be collected, the greater security from the Russian point of view. At a cost infinitesimal compared to that of war, what could be lost?

This was the pattern of Soviet policy even as the war ended, although most Americans did not recognize it. In the immediate postwar period, U.S. policy was predicated upon the wartime cooperation with the U.S.S.R. Although at the Yalta Conference, even President Roosevelt had come to doubt the feasibility of continued cooperation, as former Secretary of State James Byrnes tells us, most Americans were not yet of that mind.

Somehow the magic of a United Nations organization would preserve the wartime solidarity, it was believed. For nearly two years, therefore, U.S. policy rested upon an illusory platform of cooperation. The somewhat realistic bargains exchanged between Stalin and Roosevelt at Teheran and Yalta and Stalin and Truman at Potsdam suggested even to the "realists" that cooperation was a reasonable expectation.

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In evidence of this faith the American government cut its armed personnel from twelve millions to a skeleton force of little more than a million; suggested to the Russians a forty-year military alliance as security; tendered the rehabilitory advantages of Marshall Plan aid; and even offered to turn its onetime monopoly of atomic know-how over to international inspection. How these acts caused the Russians to feel "insecure," critics like Professor Sears have not explained. Every gesture of friendship was spurned by Moscow. This was the period of illusion in United States policy.

The Soviet Union, in the meantime, steadily advanced across the borders of neighboring states and thrust its influence into the governments of Eastern, and to some extent Western, Europe. During and after the War at least a quarter-million square miles of territory and some twenty-five millions of people were absorbed directly into the U.S.S.R., not to mention the satellites since brought into the Soviet orbit. But, we were assured by Russian apologists in this country, this was no more than a normal, historic expansion that would soon halt. There was nothing to fear. All that was needed was an implicit trust in the Kremlin. This naïve confidence was so complete that alternatives were rejected.

As the Soviets proceeded, however, to ignore the Yalta agreement in regard to "free and unfettered" elections in the Balkan countries and the Potsdam commitments on Poland, American policy began to deviate sharply from its former tenets. This occurred perhaps as early as the autumn of 1946, and certainly no later than the pronouncement of the Truman Doctrine in March, 1947. It marked the beginning of a policy of realism.

The shift in policy was viewed with suspicion or alarm by many people in this country. Its implications they neither understood nor appreciated. They had been viewing our policy as though other powers did not exist; the problem of policy was surrounded only by our ideals and hopes, so new was the game of diplomacy to them. For generations their interests in international affairs had been entrusted to the machinations of other governments. And thanks to the strife of Europe, the United States had managed to fare very well.

But no longer was it possible to trust to "Yankee luck," or Divine Providence. Few have yet realized this. In the past Americans had enjoyed the luxury of choosing sides, but now they found themselves one of the two sides. Formerly there had existed a ring of powerful friendly nations in Western Europe which was capable of holding the line for months, or even years, while we made up our minds. No longer was this true. The people of the United States, for the first time in their history, now found themselves strangely on the front line of the world.

That the prospects and responsibilities of world leadership proved frightening and incomprehensible was to be expected under the circumstances. This accounts for a considerable portion of the fuzziness in the reactions both of the man in the street and his more academic counterpart among the bitter critics who soon appeared. The fervor generated by the war for universal liberty and democracy for all men everywhere, had left the individual citizen poorly prepared for the ugly necessities which postwar diplomacy thrust upon them. To discover that in order to reach tomorrow's Utopia it would be necessary to travel through the intervening space which separated it from today, taxed their patience. Patience has never been a notable Yankee virtue.

Impatient with delays posed by centuries of tradition and the historic workings of diplomacy, critics were quick to charge that in Greece, for example, our policy was fascist, and that in Turkey we played footsie-wootsie with a dictator. The necessity in diplomacy of putting first things first was not comprehended. Nor was it understood that while the objective of a world democracy might be laudable, it was at best very far distant; or that the immediate task was one of containing Russia. Failure in this latter endeavor could only mean the indefinite postponement of the time when the more idealistic goals might be reached.

One could grant without argument that in the eastern Mediterranean we did busi-

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ness with Fascists, black marketeers and monarchists. What alternative was there, short of surrendering one of the most strategic areas on the globe to the Soviets? Would democracy have had a chance in a Russian-dominated Greece? At best, democracy is still a long way off in this section of the world. To believe that it could have been achieved had our policy been different is naïve. I submit, in fact, that because of what we did in Greece, democracy now has a far better chance of taking root there. In the perspective of the moment, the Greek aid program now stands as one of the more successful policies of the postwar era.

Aid to Turkey is another case in point. One dare not overlook the lessons of history in regard to the Turkish straits. In the nineteenth century two wars were fought to prevent Russia from controlling the Dardanelles. And in the last generation, two global wars have been waged to keep Germany from dominating the same area. Long recognized as a keystone in the balance of power system, the Dardanelles could in no sense have been dismissed from our policy considerations today without the most serious of consequences. Napoleon is supposed to have said, "He who controls the Dardanelles can control the world." The implications of his declaration have, if anything, become even greater during the ensuing century and a half. Not only does the region still guard the gateway to the Mediterranean lands and the Orient, but it now overlooks one of the largest proved oil reserves in the world.

That the Soviets keenly desire the straits is a matter of historical record. The Turks, however, have been disposed to resist the constant pressures from Moscow, provided the drain upon their limited economy could be eased. This the United States has striven to do. There is an old saying that when one's house is on fire, one should not inquire into the morals of those who carry the water buckets. Long has this been a fundamental of successful diplomacy. It is the answer to Mr. Sears's misgivings about our associating with Spain and Saudi Arabia as well. Let us not deceive ourselves into thinking that we can reform the world overnight, or that the rest of mankind necessarily desires to be reformed or is even ready for democracy. Yet, Mr. Sears has warned, "Our long-range plans must not deny the possibility of present security." Let this be borne in mind.

Whatever may have been its uncertainties, American public opinion—indeed, that of the world—was shocked into a realization of the pattern of Russian aggression when Jan Masaryk leaped from a hotel window in Prague after the Communist coup. The Czechoslovakian coup smashed the illusion that the Soviets would tolerate compromise and a middle path for longer than was necessary to consolidate their controls. Rapidly most (though by no means all) of the apologists for the Soviets quietly withdrew into the fringes of blessed obscurity. By following each aggressive thrust with whisperings of sweet nothings, Joseph Stalin continued to fan the flames of hope which remained in the breasts of the followers of Henry Wallace and others. Mere mention by the Premier of "peace" plunges the remaining apologists into ecstasy and rejoicing. Let it be made clear at this point, that the writer carries no brief for those who label the Wallaceites as "Communists" and "fellow travelers." The answer of history to Mr. Wallace's line is too overwhelming to warrant a retreat to the insidious device of name-calling.

As Alexander Kerensky has continually warned us, we must be careful to distinguish between Soviet strategy and tactics. The strategy, he cautions, never changes, though the tactics may, as they did during the War. Confronted by possible defeat, Russia relented in her program of world communism. On the home front Stalin soft-pedaled his repressive activities for a time. As to how these shifting tactics operated on the international scene, we have had abundant illustrations.

Blowing first cold and then hot became a regular Soviet tactic. Hardly was the ink dry on either the Yalta or Potsdam agreements before each had become a mere scrap of paper. Then, as relations had sunk to a dangerously low point by the Autumn of

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1946, Stalin rushed forward to assure British correspondent Alexander Werth, that there was no "real danger of a new war." With the mounting of bad relations soon thereafter, the Russian leader quickly applied another dose of soothing ointment by assuring Hugh Baillie of the United Press of the possibilities of peace between East and West.

This was the period when Walter Bedell Smith, recently returned from three years as American ambassador in Moscow, asked Stalin point blank how far Russia intended to go. "We're not going much further," was the reply. Both Czechoslovakia and China have since fallen to the Communists.

After a series of other hostile actions and frustrating delays had postponed peace talks, new palliatives were supplied in the form of assurances, first to Elliott Roosevelt and then to Harold Stassen that cooperation was the keystone of Kremlin policy. With more flagrant deeds being followed up by Mr. Stalin's now famous reply to Henry Wallace's "open letter" of May, 1948, in which the former donned the wings of the dove of peace, it became quite obvious that the procedure had been reduced to a formula. It decreed that regular intervals of pressing tactics should be succeeded by soft whisperings about peace.

Nor has the practice abated during the past year. Russian activities along the conventional line in Germany, the Far East, and in the United Nations have been interspersed with "peace" talk from the lips of key Communist figures in Europe, such as Marcel Cachin in France and Togliatti in Italy, and through the medium of the press interview, like that granted to the American journalist, Kingsbury Smith, in which it was declared that the U.S.S.R. would "cooperate" with the United States and even that "there is no objection to a meeting" of Stalin with Truman.

The net effect of these periodic pronouncements has been to confuse some people—which was their objective—people who have desperately and wishfully tried to imagine a complete rapprochement between the two governments. Such overtures sought to capitalize upon the natural pacific sentiments of the Western peoples, causing them to hesitate or wonder about rearmament and military pacts which alone block the path of further Russian advances.

There has been another effect, however, and a more hopeful one. It is the recognition by our diplomats of the folly of attaching any importance to Soviet declarations of a desire for peace or of a wish to return to the wartime policy of cooperation.

Professor Sears reminds us of Emerson's comment: "What you do speaks so loud that I cannot hear what you say." Let the apologists for Russia not forget that admonition as they grasp at the straws which from time to time the Kremlin releases into the wind.

This requires of the people of the United States eternal vigilance. What Lord Palmerston said a century ago, is true today:

> The policy and practice of the Russian government have always been to push forward its encroachments as fast and as far as the apathy or want of firmness of other governments would allow it to go, but always to stop and retire when it met with decided resistance, and then to wait for the next favorable opportunity.

Still other critics, not sympathetic to the Russians, deplore the by-passing of the United Nations by American policy-makers. To be sure, there have been some unfortunate incidents here. But for the most part, U.S. policy has not so much by-passed as it has gone ahead with a program which U.N. could neither initiate nor carry out anyway. As Mr. Acheson explained in regard to Greek aid, "Even if the project were not blocked by certain members, the organization has as yet no friends, no force, no equipment to render emergency aid. It could not move quickly enough to save the situation." In most cases, to have waited for U.N. to act would have meant not acting at all. It has become all too simple for some to say "let U.N. do it," which, in fact, is to advocate a "do nothing" policy. Even so, since the Vandenberg Resolution following the Truman Doctrine's pronouncement, our policy has been projected with greater tact in regard to U.N.

We might just as well accept the fact that most of what can be done during the next

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few years will be largely unilateral. While it is unfortunate that this is so, it need not be fatal to the cause of collective security. Woodrow Wilson was realistic enough to acknowledge that his League of Nations could not effectively guarantee security in its formative years. He recognized, moreover, that in the transitional years from war to peace a substitute force would have to be provided. A triple military alliance with England and France was his answer, although the American government rejected it.

History has witnessed an interesting parallel here. The North Atlantic Pact is hardly less than a revolution in American foreign policy, at least when viewed in the light of the past 125 years. It marks a frank acknowledgment of the collapse of our efforts to collaborate with the Russians in shaping the peace. It signalizes our determination to live up to our wartime pledges and to our responsibilities of peacetime leadership. This state of affairs has been summed up neatly by Professor George Schwarzenberger of the University of London, when he writes,*

> The North Atlantic Pact is a confession and a response. It is a confession of the constitutional inability of the United Nations to achieve its avowed main purpose of maintaining world order. It is a response to the insidious attempts of the Soviet Union to gain the fruits of another major war by all measures short of open war with the Western powers.

Those who have decried ratification of the Pact as "war-mongering" and a "provocation" to the Kremlin only close their eyes to the record. We backed into the Pact, as it were. After all other policies failed—policies which ranged from multilateral efforts in U. N. to bilateral efforts with the Soviets—we accepted the necessity of uniting that portion of the world which could agree upon basic premises of peace. Without the ill-designed activities of the Kremlin during the past three and one-half years, the Pact never could have been effected. Paul Henri Spaak put it bluntly when addressing the Russian delegation in the United Nations: "Do you know what is the basis of our policy? It is fear of you, fear of your government, fear of your policy." Now ratified, the Pact becomes the high point in our postwar diplomacy to date.

Yet it is unfortunate that we must still think in terms of any nation dominating the balance system of the world. And if the only choice confronting our people were: "Should we dominate the world or should we not?" I am confident an overwhelming majority would oppose it. But that is not our choice. It is rather: "Should the U.S.S.R. or the U.S. dominate?" To most of us, that choice is at once patently clear. Thus, in spite of the deplorable world state system which is still with us, in a system dominated by the United States, the U.N. has a far better chance to evolve into an effective instrument for peace than in one controlled by Russia.

In the perspective of history, then, it is possible to recast the foreign policy of the United States in its contemporary setting. That there have been many mistakes, cannot be denied. But so constantly have the critics hammered away at the errors that they have succeeded in convincing themselves and some others that American foreign policy has been "largely a record of failure," to quote Mr. Sears. This does not square with the facts.

For the first time in its history, the United States has been striving to live up to the responsibilities of world leadership. This is the single most important fact in the world today. Remembering a national tradition of isolation and non-entanglement carried through nine wars and the peace which followed each, the significance of such a change of policy cannot easily be exaggerated. The impact of a global conflict has had its permanent effect upon popular thinking in this country. In struggling with the unpleasant realities of internationalism, we have sent billions of dollars of aid to rehabilitate devastated countries; enacted Marshall aid into law; endorsed peacetime military conscription; signed the Atlantic Pact and backed it with military assistance; cooperated fully though sometimes tactlessly, with the United Nations and its

* "The North Atlantic Pact," the *Western Political Quarterly*, Sept., 1949, p. 309.

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labyrinth of branches. When one recalls events as recent as the 1930's, it makes our postwar achievements seem nothing short of phenomenal. Largely because of our actions, the tide of world politics has begun to run with the chances for peace.

"Were it not for your policy," a British diplomat declared recently, "Russia would now be on the Atlantic coast of Europe." That our policy is succeeding in its immediate objectives—i.e., the prevention of war—is attested to by the fact that war is now almost universally regarded as less likely than a year ago, and much less so than two years ago. (Mr. Sears suggests that "the situation is worse today than it was in 1945.")

But let us not deceive ourselves. An absence of war is not the winning of peace. The Marshall Plan, the Truman Doctrine, NAP—all are as much a part of World War II as were Omaha Beach or Bataan. Because the shooting stopped, many of our countrymen—too many of them—thought the war was over. Americans haven't yet learned that war is not ended until the peace is won. At stake in the diplomatic cold war is the same objective which dominated the hot one—the *chance* to make a lasting peace. What we do with that chance will largely determine the course of history which lies immediately ahead.

From this point onward I can begin to agree with Dr. Sears. That the real tests of American policy lie ahead is obvious. But it is my contention that we approach this critical period with considerably more than confusion and failure; that on the credit side of the ledger we have a series of achievements, the sum total of which place us in a far superior position for doing something constructive in behalf of a world without war then otherwise would have obtained. To be sure, our policy has often been one of day-to-day expediency. Lacking years—much less centuries—of tradition upon which to construct a global foreign policy, the United States could hardly have projected a policy of great depth and complete consistency overnight, as one might have expected, say, from the British. However, our "opportunistic reactions to immediate situations," which Sears deplores, have been much better than nothing at all. They have given us, in fact, the chance to blueprint a structure of a peaceful society which we would have lost by default had the Russians not been halted.

This suggests a fourth premise of American foreign policy. The United States should strive to fulfill the hopes it represents in the eyes of the rest of the world by strengthening the concept of collective security whenever possible and, by example, encouraging a universal faith in liberty and democracy. To attain those ends, our policy will have to assume a positive character. It is not enough to erect a program of expediency against Russia. Because of the pressure of time, that was all—an important all—that could be done after the war. An indispensable step it was, too, but only a step. Indeed, the time has come when the United States must stand *for* something: *for* freedom, *for* liberty, *for* democracy. These are the real weapons in our possession with which the Russian ideology can be defeated, and around which the faith of the rest of the peoples of the earth can be rallied.

It means that restoring a favorable balance of power is not the end, but only the beginning. George Marshall once warned that the old systems of truce interrupted by war were not the American objective. The balance of power must be supplanted by a genuine system of peace. Whether the American people will be willing to wage that peace as vigorously as they waged war becomes the real test of the policy of the United States. Upon the successful meeting of that test hinges the chance for peace in our time.

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The Price of American Failure

William G. Carleton

DURING THE WAR and the almost five-year period since the end of the War, there has been a plethora of books and articles on what the United States must do in order to help build a peaceful and stable world. Most numerous have been works on collective security—the United Nations, regional federalism, world federalism, world government. Perhaps next in order have been pleas for lower tariff and trade barriers and the re-establishment of an international economy. And, finally, there have been those liberals and leftists who have seen clearly that Europe and Asia are passing through fundamental social revolutions, and have insisted that America must have an intelligent and a democratic policy of social politics—must espouse the cause not only of reconstruction, but also of basic reform. Harold Laski, Francis Williams, G. D. H. Cole, E. H. Carr, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., Nathaniel Peffer, and more recently, Laurence Sears, in a concise and comprehensive article published by THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, are among those who have pointed out the supreme importance of building peace upon the popular, the democratic, the revolutionary movements of our time. I myself, in a series of articles and published addresses, have taken this approach.

We are now well nigh into the sixth year of the postwar world. The time has come, it seems, to take time out from making blueprints of the world of the future to assess just how far short are our actual accomplishments when measured by the "musts" of our experts and our liberal and leftist publicists in international relations. And if we find we are falling far short of their expectations, perhaps it would be well frankly and squarely to look into the possibility of failure, to visualize the kind of a world we face if our hopes miscarry.

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II

That the United Nations has disappointed Americans is putting it mildly. Indeed, neither the American public nor the American government now regards collective security as a real possibility in the foreseeable future. All of our important foreign policies now by-pass the United Nations and take some form of independent power politics—our dealings with Germany, the Marshall Plan, the Atlantic Pact. The Russians, too, take a similar attitude in all really important matters and seek security in measures outside the United Nations. The United Nations itself has largely become another arena for the playing of balance-of-power politics.

Attempts to diminish trade barriers likewise have been disappointing. The United States, with its high protective tariff, is still the world's chief offender against the first principles of the international economy it professes to want. Exports from the United States are around twelve billion dollars annually; imports into the United States are around only seven billion dollars. And there is little prospect of narrowing this frightening gap between them. For the chief creditor nation nearly five years after the war's end to have so wide an imbalance in its foreign trade indicates that the world is far from reconstruction, let alone reform. Reciprocal tariff agreements are timorous steps in the right direction; they constitute a kind of vicarious atonement for our otherwise high tariff sins. And due to the amazing diversity of our national economic life, to the fact that we are prodigious producers not only of manufactured goods, but also of raw products, there seems to be little chance of a thoroughgoing overhauling of our tariffs. The truth is that while we have

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abandoned political isolation, we have not abandoned economic isolation, and there is no indication that we intend to do so. This is what Ernest Bevin had in mind when during his visit to the United States in the fall of 1949 he told our somewhat startled newspaper correspondents—in effect—that the British were not in the United States merely to seek another handout, that the problem was far too serious for makeshifts, that the British wanted to know when the United States was going to grow up, assume its responsibilities as a creditor nation, and take the lead toward permanent economic readjustment.

Also, we are failing to identify ourselves sufficiently with the aspirations of the popular mass movements of Europe and Asia. We have favored temporary stability over democracy, reconstruction over reform. We have not revolutionized the economic life of Japan; that economic life still remains narrowly concentrated and feudal. We refused to go along with the British in backing the socialization of the Ruhr, and in European eyes our German policy seems to waver between reinstating the old native cartels and insinuating (by "dismantling" and other devices) control by American big business. We have been "soft" with Franco Spain, and we have actually supported reactionary governments in China and Greece. We have claimed we were neutral as between the non-Communist parties, but, in fact, we have shown a preference for "free enterprise" parties as opposed to socialist parties, and the victory of the "free-enterprise" parties in Western Germany was widely hailed as an American victory. But the fact that even the Germans gave so slender a margin for the "free enterprise" of their American occupiers may indicate the weakness of "free-enterprise" attitudes among the mass of Western European peoples. Nevertheless, one thing stands out as the result of American policy in Western Europe during the past five years: the non-Communist forces are more divided than ever, the "free-enterprise" rightists are stronger, the socialist parties are weaker. In 1945 and 1946, there seemed a real probability that Western Europe might give a clear majority for democratic socialism. As American policy and economic aid have developed in Western Europe, the socialists have lost ground and the "free enterprisers" have become stronger. The result of American policy may already have been to postpone basic social reform and to weaken the "vital center"—democratic socialism—between "free-enterprise" capitalism and communism. And if basic economic and social transformations are as necessary in Europe as most European writers were saying in 1945, then the *long-range* result of American policy may be to convince Europeans that only the Communists can bring them about.

The carrying out of a wise policy of social politics abroad—in some cases the actual sponsoring of socialist revolutions—would have required on our part not only an extraordinary political imagination and sense of vicariousness, but also an unusual sense of historical relativity. In Europe it would have meant backing the already established socialist parties. In Asia it would have meant literally creating socialist parties and governments and the extending of enormous government loans for native TVA's and the development of heavy industries. In China it might even have meant a tacit alliance with the Communists on the grounds that the Communists could not be headed off; that communism, with all its sins, was better for the mass of people than feudalism; that the Chinese Revolution was largely indigenous and only in small part imported from Moscow; that there was a real chance Chinese communism might more and more go national and increasingly become an independent factor in international relations, especially should the United States refrain from fighting it and instead dangle before it the possibility of economic aid.

Perhaps the role of social revolutionary is simply impossible for the American people in the light of their history and particular stage of social development. We are the foremost capitalist country (with some welfare-state features), and we enjoy a phenomenally high degree of prosperity under that system. We are, *par excellence*, the country of the middle class, and middle-

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class ideals permeate every phase of our culture. Can a country which has never experienced the evils of feudalism lead the fight against feudalism? Can the country with no sharp class distinctions lead revolutions based on class-conflict ideologies? Can the foremost capitalist country spearhead socialist movements abroad? It is the tendency of every society to repeat an old response to a new challenge, to think of its own institutions as universal and absolute. Especially is this true of the American people, who have been more isolated than most other peoples, who have developed their institutions in a social environment (small population, huge resources, high technology, absence of marked class distinctions) more favorable than that of Europe and Asia, and who have had less experience in foreign affairs than the countries which hitherto have taken the lead. Even Great Britain, were that nation the leader in international affairs it once was, would have difficulty with the complicated ideological situation in the world of today. For the United States, still largely innocent of that shrewd agnosticism which to some degree comes with sustained world leadership, the problem is doubly difficult. People who write on international relations keep telling us that domestic and international affairs cannot be separated. Alas, this is true, and true in the sense these writers do not mean to convey. We are capitalistic at home (indeed, a large portion of our people are belligerently capitalistic, capitalistic in the doctrinaire sense), and this is something we have not been able to escape in our policies abroad.

III

If indeed we are failing in our social politics abroad, it is well to remember that failure is taking place under auspices about as favorable to success as we are likely to have. A socialist administration is in power in Great Britain. A Democratic administration is in power in Washington, an administration about as far to the left as American public opinion will support. If a left-of-center Democratic administration can do no better in its international social politics, what could we expect from conservative Democrats or from Republicans?

If we have failed as a world power since 1918, and if we are still failing as the leading world power, such failure cannot be put down as a partisan failure; it is not a Republican or a Democratic failure; it is an American failure. It should be plain by now that Woodrow Wilson was inadequate as an international leader. His war aims represented the ideals of nineteenth-century liberalism; they failed to take sufficient account of the collectivist movements of the twentieth century; they failed to enlist effectively the support of the European left; Wilson himself did not have enough faith in the non-Communist European left; and even had he had the required faith in that left, it is difficult to see how American opinion would have permitted effective cooperation with it. In 1919, George L. Record pointed out to Wilson himself the inadequacy of the Wilson program, but at that time there were few Americans with Record's insight.

The Republican administrations which followed Wilson understood the world situation even less. Instead of adjusting our economy to the needs of a creditor nation, they actually adopted and intensified policies which would have been suited only to a debtor nation. Then came the Roosevelt administration, which in its early days scuttled the London Economic Conference and adopted an increasingly planned economy on a national pattern. At the end of World War II, we again had an opportunity to rally the non-Communist revolutionary forces around us, but after a few gestures in that direction, we settled down to a policy which sought to reconstruct the old rather than to build the new. We had, of course, made some advances, and we were at last ready to cooperate in some ways with the world of 1920, but in the meantime the world of 1920 had become the world of 1945. Even had the administration adopted a bolder and more imaginative course of social politics, it is doubtful if public opinion would have sustained it. There were, to be sure, more George L. Records in 1945 than there were in 1920, but still there were not enough of them. So since 1945 we have

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gradually formulated a policy which may, from the vantage point of 1970, appear as anachronistic as the Republican measures of the 1920's.

There are those who say that if Franklin D. Roosevelt had lived, things would be different. What they usually mean is that under Roosevelt we would have cooperated with Russia. This is doubtful. Our cooperation with Russia was a war measure, and after the war the differences between the two countries were bound to reassert themselves in an intensified way, due to the rise of Russia to first place in Europe and Asia, and due to the new aggressiveness which victory gave the Communists. But there is a sense in which things might have been different under Roosevelt. There doubtless would have been increased tension between Russia and the United States, but Roosevelt might have executed a more effective flank attack against the Soviet Union, sparing us the more head-on conflict known as the Cold War. When, in July of 1945, the British election returns came in, showing a smashing socialist victory, Roosevelt might have sniffed the political atmosphere, taken the political pulse of Europe, brought into play his marvelous sense for popular mass trends, put himself at the head of the movement for democratic socialism in Europe and Asia, and sold such a policy to the American people without even so much as mentioning the word socialism! However, this must always remain one of the "ifs" of history, and it probably puts too much stress on the personal leadership element in history. The cool fact today is that we are failing sufficiently to enlist popular mass movements behind us, and in so doing we may be laying the groundwork for the failure of our international leadership, a failure comparable to Wilson's in 1919, comparable to that of the Republicans in the 1920's.

IV

The time has come to analyze our position in the world not in the light of what might have happened or what ought to have happened during the past five years, but in the light of what has happened—the incapacity of the United Nations, the inability to adjust our economy to that of a creditor nation, the failure to capture the confidence and enthusiasm of popular mass movements abroad.

If, indeed, we are not to adjust ourselves to our position of chief creditor nation, then we had better plan to make larger international loans and to carry on Marshall Aid policies indefinitely. Also we had better plan to underwrite indefinitely the arms of Europe and large parts of Asia. Our public opinion is not at all prepared for this, and it must be so prepared. Also we had better look to our own economy and see whether we are capable of sustaining this load, or whether, in spite of the risk, we can afford *not* to sustain it. In 1929, when American bankers stopped lending to Europe, we precipitated a world collapse which intensified and prolonged our own depression at home. Indefinite loans to Europe may constitute a very shaky foundation for international prosperity, but they are better than no foundation at all. (The economic integration of the nations of Western Europe would decrease the dependence of that area on the United States, but effective economic integration, if it comes at all, is a long way off and would require political integration—and even if finally accomplished, much time would elapse before substantial benefits could be realized.)

There is another possibility that may come out of our continuing failure to make the adjustments necessary for a successful global policy: we may retire from the leadership, come back home, return to political isolation. A number of causes may contribute to this result. We may reach the point where we cannot or will not continue vast loans abroad, loans which contribute to an ever-rising debt owed to us by foreign governments, a debt which can never be paid because we simply will not take the foreign goods which alone will allow it to be paid. In the light of our heavy loans to Europe, we may hesitate to undertake the extending of vast credits to Siam, Malaya, Burma, India and Indonesia, credits which must be extended if these countries are to

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develop the hydro-electric plants and heavy industries necessary to combat Communist claims that Communists alone can bring modern technology and a rapidly rising standard of living for the masses. In time we may find that our backing "free-enterprise" parties in Europe has seriously weakened the socialist "vital center" and opened the way for a revival of Communist growth in Europe. An economic recession or depression might also produce a serious revival of Communist expansion, compelling us to make the decision to check such growth by force (the active intervention into European civil wars, which might lead to a great world war) or to retire and return home. The Senate votes of Robert A. Taft on various foreign measures will reveal that he is gambling somewhat that the American people ultimately will return to political isolation.

Some of our pre-war isolationists saw clearly—more clearly than anyone else—the difficulties of American international leadership in a postwar world. (Not the empty-headed super-nationalist who thought America could whip the world, but the more thoughtful ones, like Charles A. Beard, with a sense for historical realities.) These men argued that the United States would not in the foreseeable future materially alter its tariff policies because of the rich diversity of America's internal economic life. They predicted that America, with its large and confident middle class and its unique historical development, simply could not give meaningful leadership to an Asia where no middle class existed, to a Europe where the middle class was disappearing—to a world passing through a fundamental socialist revolution. They prophesied that a postwar attempt to build an effective international organization would fail because, in addition to the national difficulties that have always existed, there would be a new and a more formidable difficulty—the fierce ideological conflict born of world revolution. All of these arguments were made in 1939, 1940 and 1941, and in a measure our postwar publicists with a sense for history, aware of these basic realities, have been attempting to awaken us to these dangers, not in order to submit to them (as the prewar isolationists would have had us do), but in order to overcome them. But anticipation and awareness may not be enough; the historical realities may be too much for us. Those who spoke patronizingly of the late Charles A. Beard in his older days may have to reassess their estimates of him—among others, Van Wyck Brooks may have to repent his sharpness, Lewis Mumford to eat his own words.

If we Americans should return to political isolation, the United States would for a time be an unpleasant place in which to live. Our mood would be sullen, grim. We would bitterly assail the rest of the world as ungrateful, and think not of ourselves, but of other peoples, as being out of step. We would have serious economic readjustments to make, and we would fear for our very survival. But we would survive. Russia, like Revolutionary and Napoleonic France, may wear itself out pursuing ideological ends. And if communism spreads and grows in strength, it would be less fearful of external opposition and hence freer to divide on national lines. Communist countries, like capitalist countries before them, probably would differ among themselves, and the industrial revolution in backward countries, even under Communist auspices, probably would develop within national patterns and consequently intensify nationalism. In other words, there would be a balance of power, and the United States, like other countries of the past and present, would find survival and a measure of security because of it. (The prewar isolationists, too, were saying that there would always be a balance of power. Now indeed if events should lead us to return to isolation, would we have waged World War II in vain? Would the isolationists have been right about that, too? No, history is not likely to adjudge the isolationists right about that. Eventually communism will be regarded—even by Americans—as preferable to fascism, and American participation in the war contributed mightily to the downfall of fascism. Besides, the non-fascists, not the fascists, will write the future histories.)

The United States, however, may fail to

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make the necessary economic and ideological adjustments to world leadership, and at the same time refuse to return to isolation. Instead, the United States may elect to remain a world leader, by sheer force if necessary. This might result in high-handed policies based on sheer military and technological strength, policies that might well lead us, little by little and almost unconsciously, to attempt to build an empire on the ancient-world model, an empire which had for its professed purpose the checking of communism. The path of empire might actually seem easier than national economic readjustment and ideological understanding. People sense this trend, as evidenced by the revived interest in ancient history and in the works of Arnold Toynbee. Still, even here it is difficult to see how an American empire could succeed if not accompanied by tariff adjustments and by an understanding of the ideological needs and aspirations of dependent peoples. Failure to make the economic adjustments and to serve the ideological aspirations of dependent peoples would drive us still further along the path of force and coercion, and this, in turn, probably would lead eventually to war.

V

Is it now too late for America to make the tariff and trade adjustments of a creditor nation and to build abroad the socialist "vital center"? Perhaps not, but time is passing and the sands are running out. Publicists should no longer be content with merely telling us what we *ought* to do. They should point out the practical political steps by which we can accomplish what we ought to accomplish. But this requires descending into the arena of practical partisan politics, something most publicists (and editors) shy away from, and the problem is made all the more difficult by the so-called bi-partisan foreign policy. A policy of radical tariff readjustment and of sufficient and consistent aid to the non-Communist left abroad will be undertaken only by a definitely leftist government in Washington. We may as well face squarely this elementary reality of political life. And how get such a leftist government in Washington? America leftists would have to unite, and that would mean a rapprochement of non-Stalinist Wallaceites and Americans for Democratic Action. Let both these factions unite to capture in 1952 the Democratic party, and through the Democratic party the American government.

But merely to state the problem in terms of practical party politics is to reveal the obstacles. The probability is that the Wallacites and the ADA will fail to unite, and that, even if united, they could not on so controversial an issue unseat a sitting President or defeat within the party that sitting President's choice for the succession. Even if they captured the Democratic party on a straight leftist approach to foreign policy, they would have a most difficult time persuading the American people, for the situation requires an extraordinary sense of historical relativity. Still, the attempt will have to be made. Leftists must abandon the so-called bi-partisan foreign policy, and seek to commit the Democratic party to a bolder leftist position abroad.

For several years now, liberal and leftist publicists have been telling us that in order to succeed in our world leadership we must adjust ourselves to our own position as chief creditor nation and we must squarely support democratic socialism abroad. The years are rolling by, and we still have made only faint and feeble gestures in the direction of both these policies. The time has now come to look to practical and partisan politics to put into effect these policies, and, lacking that, frankly to face the consequences of failure: a settled policy of perpetual foreign doles more and more difficult to bear, of ever-mounting debts to us which can never be repaid; or an American empire increasingly using the ways of compulsion; or a return to grim and sullen isolation.

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American Scholar Forum . . .

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE EDUCATION

Public Funds and the Public Schools

Bernard Leibson

THE PRESENT CONTROVERSY over the proper allocation of federal funds for education has, as is usual with an emotionally charged issue, evoked a great deal of heat with only occasional flashes of light. This excessive generation of heat is not surprising in view of the fact that two emotion-stimulating factors are involved—money and religion.

For the most part, the advocates of public aid to private (which include parochial) schools, have been resting their case on a very material argument. They have shown that families which send their children to private schools carry a dual financial burden. They pay taxes for the support of the public schools, and then must pay tuition fees to the schools to which they send their children. Moreover, they claim that by withdrawing their children from the public schools, they are saving the country millions of dollars in annual expenditures and capital outlay. For this financial "relief" to the State, and as a return on their tax money, they feel they are entitled to some of the public funds.

These advocates do not ignore the less material arguments. Does not the State (they ask) have an obligation toward the children of the private schools? Should it not contribute, at least, toward their health and safety? If, in accordance with American tradition, the State will not contribute toward the *religious* education of the child of devout parents, should it not assume an obligation toward his secular education? Just because parents are inter-

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ested in intensive religious education for their children, should the State be less responsible—particularly when it is not opposed to religious education? Should the State's obligation to sectarian and other groups end at setting up regulations for courses of study and at testing the products of instruction?

Those who would limit the expenditure of public funds to public schools counter with two basic contentions.

1. The parents of private school children, fully aware of the added cost of private education, have chosen to send their children to non-public schools. Had they been brought to the public schools, they would have been admitted. Whatever the cost, the State would have provided the necessary classrooms, teachers and materials. The State, therefore, is in no way obliged to return the tax payments of these parents in the form of grants to the schools they happened to prefer.

2. A second contention usually leads to a more heated debate. It is not clearly defined, nor do those who use it always subject it to the critical analysis it deserves. It is directed against the parochial schools, and takes the form of the glib generalization that we believe in the separation of church and state.

Just how real this separation is, and how much it is a matter of interpretation, even a brief non-legalistic examination will show. That no religion is recognized as a State religion, that we have no recognized clerical party, and that the State may not make laws respecting the free exercise of religion—these are indications of this separation. On the other hand, when church property is not taxed, the State is taking a hand in encouraging religion. Where state constitutions permit the use of public funds for auxiliary services to parochial schools—in the form of free transportation and free secular textbooks—the State is giving aid (indirect, it is true, but aid nevertheless) to the furtherance of religions.

Released-time programs for religious instruction form another phenomenon in American life which tends to dull the line of separation. Although the Supreme Court has emphasized the demarcation by ruling that public school buildings may not be used for religious teaching, we do not yet know whether the cooperation of Church and State in other aspects of the program is a violation of the separation doctrine, nor can we be sure that all future Supreme Courts will rule as the present one has.

The separation-of-Church-and-State argument is, therefore, insufficient on two counts. In the first place, it can be applied only to the parochial schools, and secondly, it is not so clearly defined a principle as we sometimes think it is.

What then is the true basis for the feeling (in the words of Mrs. Roosevelt) that "anything that is done for the public schools should be done for them alone"?

Detractors of democracy have often laughed at the seeming vagueness of democratic thinking. They may well laugh if we must rely on feelings, ill-supported by the facts, and on philosophies shredded by inconsistencies. They may, indeed, deride our faith if we are not clear and accurate in our understanding of the distinction between the public and the private school, and if we do not have a true appreciation of the public school system as the mighty bulwark of a democratic nation.

That this lack of comprehension still exists is not hard to understand when we consider the length of time it has taken for the public schools to assume their rightful place in the building of democracy. While the political history of America has always been rich in democratic thought and action, the history of its schools has been sectarian and class-conscious.

In Colonial times, education—especially primary education—was considered the province of the Church. In the Middle States, all schools were parish schools. In the New England states, the schools reflected the church-state form of government in which these colonists believed. As the men of Massachusetts put it in 1647, their schools were established to thwart the "one chief project of that old deluder, Satan, to keep man from a knowledge of the Scriptures."

The Revolution did not change the be-

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lief that the proper agency for elementary education was the Church. In Pennsylvania, for example, attempts by certain elements to establish public elementary schools were completely frustrated by the sentiments of the majority of the people. In Virginia, Jefferson's bill to set up a system of public education extending from elementary school through college was so far ahead of its time that nothing came of the proposal. When, in 1796, Jefferson brought about the passage of permissive legislation to establish schools through local taxation, the feeling for public education was so weak that no community in the state took advantage of the law. So persistent were sectarian interests in Pennsylvania, even as late as 1834, that when similar permissive legislation was finally passed, one-half of the districts voted against the use of the tax for public schools.

The propertied class was no less opposed to this form of education. The rich Colonial farmers either sent their children abroad or employed private tutors. After the Revolution a popular establishment was the private academy, where secondary education could be obtained for a substantial fee. The mass of the population was thus kept away, but such was the influence of these rich citizens that they were able to get public funds to subsidize their private institutions.

The conscience of public-spirited men was aroused by these developments. Jefferson's farsightedness and agitation had not been in vain. By 1818, the State of Virginia appropriated some $45,000 for the instruction of *poor* children, and other states ordered the public subsidies obtained by the private academies to be applied to the instruction of those who were unable to pay.

This charitable use of the public funds, however, did not make the taxpayer less reluctant to part with money which would give him no apparent personal benefit. A favorite argument of the day (1830's) was that it was both undemocratic and unjust to make people who had no children pay for schooling from which they would derive no advantage.

This total lack of appreciation of the responsibility of citizens of a democracy toward the proper education of all the children was what the adherents of the public schools had to overcome. How to wrest the educational system from the control of sectarian and other private interests, prevent the stigmatizing of the public school movement as pauper education, and build the people's institutions of learning into schools *for* democracy were the problems that were beginning to trouble the enlightened citizenry of the country.

One of the first states to clarify the distinction between the public and the private school was the State of New York, although this did not occur until 1842. The Free School Society was organized in New York in 1805 to provide, *not schools for all the children*, but schooling for children who were not attending church or other private institutions. In 1826, the organization—renamed the Public School Society—abandoned its democratic ideal by obtaining permission from the Legislature to charge a fee to children whose families could afford it. Although the poor might still attend without paying, their numbers fell off because many were too proud to admit their poverty.

The Society soon returned to the free tuition system and, in 1828, received the benefits of a local tax. Since children of the well-to-do still went to paying schools, the stigma of pauperism persisted. Besides, the public was paying for an education completely controlled by a private organization.

It was not long before the sectarian interests realized that under such a system they, too, were entitled to a share of public funds. In answer to their demands, hearings were held in the City Council and the State Legislature. The anomalous situation must have been made clear for, in 1842, striking boldly in behalf of the children of all the people, the State representatives withdrew support from the Society, vested control of New York City school administration in an elected board of education, and decreed that no portion of school funds was to be given to sectarian schools.

Here was a clear statement of policy. But the attitude of the New York State legis-

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lators was by no means universal. Horace Mann, during the 1840's, encountered bitter opposition when he tried to bring reforms into the inadequate schools of Massachusetts so that they might discharge their proper function in the American democracy. Inertia and the influence of entrenched groups, for a generation from 1855 to 1880, were Henry Barnard's principal opponents as he worked to further his philosophy of democratic education throughout the United States. Even in the newer Western states, men like Samuel Galloway in Ohio and Ninian Edwards in Illinois had to fight local sectarian and vested interests as they campaigned to arouse the people to the support of true public schools.

The fight was long, and the issues, unfortunately, not always clear. Not until the 1880's did education in the United States take on some of the character it has today. Only since then have the public schools gradually taken their place as the cherished institution of the people. It is during the last seventy years that the sentiment—the faith—has been growing to full fruition. To understand the basis for this feeling, we must appreciate the psychological and sociological distinctions between the private and the public school.

The undisputed precursor to anti-democratic thought and action is prejudice. The principal source of prejudice is what the sociologists call "ethnocentrism." This is a feeling that one's own group is superior to other groups. It is the feeling that "we" are the in-group, and that those not belonging to "us" are members of the out-group.

So universal is this type of group sentiment—whether in primitive tribes, religions, clubs, fraternities, teams, or whatever—that at one time psychologists felt that it must be instinctive. Keener insight, however, and more accurate psychological knowledge, have shown that man's social behavior is not inherited. Prejudices, like other attitudes, like emotions, and like habits, do not pass from parent to child through the germ plasm. Attitudes toward others are developed by the environment: that is, by the parents, the church, the school, the community.

Modern times give ample illustration of how training can develop extreme ethnocentrism—fighting ethnocentrism. The Nazis embarked upon an educational program for young and old which had for its theme Germany as the in-group and the rest of the world (at least the non-Aryan world) the out-group. The Russians, in their recent campaign to prove that all great inventions were really products of Russian ingenuity, are adding this educational device to the many they already have for increasing Russian ethnocentrism. During wartime all nations carry on propaganda to intensify the in-group feeling, and to create a fighting hatred for the out-group.

In the United States, where the population is made up of so many diverse groups, the most effective weapon against the development of extreme ethnocentrism is the public school. Whatever the factors may be at home, in the church, or in the fraternal order, the public school has the opportunity—and the duty—to counteract the prejudice against the out-group. This it does, not by precept, but by the very act of bringing together, for work and for play, on an equal status, children of all races, religions, colors and economic levels.

The sectarian school, the private school that emphasizes a certain economic status, and the "public" school which enforces segregation on an out-group, create the very conditions that it is the function of the public school to counteract. The intergroup contact, so vital in the breakdown—or, what is more important, the prevention—of prejudice is lacking in the non-public school. Even if these schools were to preach the equality of the out-groups, the facts that the child is segregated, that he is made over-conscious of his own group's solidarity, that he lacks contact with children from other groups, and that he is under the influence of teachers taken only from his own group or carefully screened to reflect the prejudices of his group, serve to intensify his ethnocentrism, and thus represent the antithesis of the program in democracy's public schools.

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It is not being claimed that the function of the public school is to serve as a melting pot for all groups. We have advanced from this elementary concept. We recognize how vital it is to democracy to give the individual the right to be different, and how important for the development of the nation have been the contributions of the different groups. To be different, however, is one thing; to run the risk of developing intense group solidarity and its consequent prejudicial feelings toward others is quite another. To have children, in their most impressionable and formative years, miss the daily and extended contact with all groups that come to the public schools is to run that risk. To minimize the hazard, the State puts its full power behind its educational system.

But if the distinction between the philosophy of the two systems is so sharp, and the contribution of the public school to the democratic ideal so patent, why does the democratic state permit the existence of private schools?

The answer touches upon the very essence—to some, the dilemma—of democracy.

Democracy—in contradistinction to totalitarian forms of government, which permit no outside agency to undertake the education of any portion of the population—recognizes and defends the right to be different, however fearful it may be of the consequences. A democracy—and this the totalitarian is unable to comprehend—is built on the belief that faith in its ideals becomes so strongly embedded in the hearts of the vast majority of its people that extreme ethnocentrism in a minority will have no lasting ill effects. That this faith remains strong is the result not alone of an emotional climate, but also of the growing intellectual awareness and understanding of the meaning of the worth of all mankind.

But if democracy is not to be the ineffective form of government its enemies claim it to be, it cannot be overly passive toward a difference in philosophy. If, in its passion to preserve the rights of individuals, it *permits* a departure from its accepted system of education, it is under no obligation to *encourage* that departure. In fact, it must militantly promote its public-education system, and do everything possible to discourage those practices which it considers out of harmony with that system.

To provide public funds for private schools is to encourage a non-democratic form of education. To provide auxiliary aids for these schools is to encourage those who do not recognize the position of the public school in American democracy. Withholding these funds is not, as has been claimed, to discriminate against the children of the private schools; rather, to withhold these children from the public schools is to deprive them of the very essence of a democratic education. Making those parents who insist upon the right to have their own schools pay for the public education system as well as for their own, is democracy's mild way of discouraging those who differ!

This, then, is the great distinction. That the feeling for this difference is not universal even among those who support the public schools, and that the difference is not clearly understood or necessarily accepted, are evidenced by the many compromises that Congress and the states have been party to. Auxiliary aid is permitted to parochial schools, and a large section of the United States practices determined segregation in what it calls "public" schools.

Believers in democracy have their dreams—else would progress be made? Bills that would truly express full faith in the democratic public school would not only deny funds to private organizations, but would withhold them from those communities that fail to make their schools democratic *in fact*. The chances of getting such action in the Eighty-first Congress need not be discussed. It is, however, important to know that, if we are to be true to our traditions and make sure that the public schools are the front line of democracy, just such a policy must some day become a reality.

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A Plea for Cooperation

George N. Shuster

AN EDUCATOR WHO is charged with conducting the affairs of a public school or college is likely to find his job extremely difficult, very much worthwhile, and constantly subject to critical evaluation. At least I do. If I had ten times my complement of energy, it would still not suffice; and so I cannot for the life of me see where leisure can be found to look at private education, secular or religious, with hostility or smug self-satisfaction. Regardless of whether students are attending Columbia, Fordham or Hunter, they will of necessity share a fateful comradeship. It seems quite as evident that the institutions themselves are also working together at the same educational task, even though they may not always realize it. Public education in this country has profited greatly by reason of the freedom and diversity of private schools, and these in turn would be incredibly stupid if they failed to appreciate the bustling virility and liberal outlook of public institutions. Nothing is more necessary on either side than careful cooperative planning and friendly relationships. And nothing could be more deplorable than mutual gun-toting or snide calumny.

One of the reasons why private education continues to flourish, particularly at the elementary and secondary school levels, is that public education cannot teach religion. It is, to be sure, not the only reason, but it is possibly the most significant. When the American public began to support schools, religious neutrality was imperatively demanded. Nobody, Thomas Jefferson included, said this was a good thing, or thanked God that at last the nation had got rid of a "divisive force." The point was merely that all kinds of children were being brought together in one building, and that anybody who attempted to proselytize was a cad. At the same time, the public took it for granted that the private citizen was not to be reproached if he sent his children to a school that taught some religion or to a school which taught none. The difference was merely that schools supported by the state were being paid for by everybody, and that as a consequence the patrons of private institutions would have to meet two bills. They paid for the education of their own offspring, and they were taxed for the schooling of others.

Finance is one of the most troublesome, even as it is the most necessary, of pedagogical requirements. Mark Hopkins' log cost very little. But as time went on, the educational budget grew steadily larger. The training of teachers became more costly, the plant increased in value, and the curriculum flourished like the green bay tree. Every educator wanted more money, and as always the coveting of cash implied a quest for sources from which it could be obtained. Private schools charged higher tuitions and asked for larger donations. The public school administrator appealed for a greater share of the tax dollar. Manifestly a conflict was now possible. For if taxes went up, there would be less money to give away. And if they did not rise, state expenditures would of necessity remain static. This is a rather simple and trite statement, which I should not adduce if some people did not find it novel and even startling.

A public administrator who wants more money must inevitably become a salesman. His assignment is to persuade the citizenry that, however painful the levy may be, it should be imposed. A good salesman does not go around sticking pins into people with whom he tries to do business. He must seek

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to enhance the value of his product, and then communicate that value to his clientele. Their good will is his most desirable asset. And so, when spokesmen for public education talk as if all they had to do was ride into town with pistols blazing and hold up the bank, I sometimes wonder if they have the foggiest notion of which planet they are inhabiting. There are large numbers of Americans who derive no direct benefit from public education. To act not only as if they did, but as if they have no right not to, is the poorest kind of public relations policy of which I can conceive.

Suppose, for example, that one walked about, exuding private and highly dubious slogans about democracy which cannot fail to raise goose pimples on the flesh of every devotee of private education. Thus one may put forward the legitimate premise that no good American will indulge in practices which are discriminatory against any race or creed, and then go on to conclude that *all differences between creeds* are to be abolished through the medium of the public school. This is a ridiculous *non sequitur*. In the first place, though every kind of education that deserves the name will seek to inculcate courtesy and dissipate prejudice, the school can no more remove real differences than libraries can make books of 100 pages look as thick as books of 450 pages. The only way to induce an Episcopalian and a Baptist to follow the same creed is either to convert one of them, or to change both into something else. Second, there is no evidence whatever to prove that public education actually does more to combat virulent discrimination than does private education. Yale probably treats Negroes as well as does Minnesota. Of course, in some areas of the country, a Negro, for example, can enter a public school more easily than he can some private schools. But the mere fact of admission is no commentary on what happens afterward.

The only reason that impractical ideologists use this kind of logic is that they mistakenly assume that their crowd is vastly larger than is the populace on the other side. As a matter of fact, the public school administrator must reckon with the plain truth that the relative number of pupils in attendance at private institutions has steadily grown. In some regions, the growth is quite striking. While the best explanation of the phenomenon is that the number of parents who want their children to receive religious training has increased, it is also true that comparative prosperity has enabled more parents to provide what, for better or worse, they deem desirable. I think that if trends recently observable continue, the time may not be far off when a good third of all children of school age will attend private institutions.

This is a plain statement of fact about what the American people are doing. To contend that the government of the United States will ever be something different from what the citizens desire is to assume that the strongest group will legislate by fiat. We shall all hope that this assumption is unwarranted. Surely, then, the proper goal is the greatest possible amount of mutual good will for the education of all children. Constructive criticism of the schools is always important, and for my part I believe that religious and other private institutions have suffered because they have, by comparison with public education, remained comparatively immune to the kind of scrutiny exemplified in Mortimer Smith's *And Madly Teach*, to cite only one book. But idle quarrelling is something else and serves no good purpose.

I believe that if private education desires to remain truly private, it will be very careful about seeking public support. As soon as legislatures appropriate funds, strings are attached even in the most liberal commonwealths. To imagine that monies emanating from Washington are somehow different from other kinds is a delusion. It seems to many people as exasperating as it is amusing to hear spokesmen for institutions which pride themselves on intellectual and spiritual independence sing while they hold out their hats to the state. In particular, those who wish their children to be brought up in conformity with religious convictions should be as anxious as are their neighbors to free the spirit of each and every commitment either to politicians or to bureaucrats.

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Public school administrators have learned through long experience how to meet the problem. All this has nothing to do with "separation between Church and State"—which, as advocated, far too frequently has a narrow and bigoted sectarian tang—or with "teaching democracy." We merely seek to keep our definitions lucid and to avoid anything which would alter the potential fruitfulness of our traditional educational diversity.

The solution of the financial problem seems to me a threefold one. First, we must try to help the public schools by increasing the revenue they derive from taxation. In almost all states it has been found that local funds must be supplemented with state funds. The reason is implicit in our complicated and possibly outmoded fiscal practice. Localities normally depend on levies on real estate. Income and sales taxes collected by the states are other rich sources, and unless they are used in part explicitly for education, the schools cannot hope to secure the funds they need. Whether we should look further to the Federal government for assistance is a moot question. Certainly having Santa Claus in Washington is of dubious value to the population of more prosperous states. Already industries have left New England for the South in part because so-called "social taxation" is lower south of the Mason-Dixon Line. To hold that Connecticut or Massachusetts should in addition help pay for public education in the South is to invite pertinent and legitimate questions. As an individual citizen, I believe that Federal aid should be limited to quite specific and well-publicized projects. When Earl J. McGrath, speaking in behalf of the Office of Education, pleads for a carefully administered scholarship fund to be authorized by Congress as a way of equalizing educational opportunity, he seems to me to have voiced a reasonable proposal—though I fear he may have given the cream to private colleges. But when somebody else pleads for blanket funds in order to "equalize educational opportunity," I am inclined to remember that clouds are one thing and rain is another. You can pour more money down the drain in education than you can waste in almost any other manner.

Second, the way to help private education properly is not through the diversion of tax monies, but through a revision of the tax laws. Insofar as the income tax is concerned, this revision would be relatively simple. At the present time, a citizen is permitted to deduct 15 per cent of the gross income reported to the Federal government. This means, however, that if advantage is not taken of this provision, the individual will save money. Were the law to be changed to read that instead the individual might elect to give a certain amount of his computed income tax to private institutions rather than to the government, the choice would involve no financial sacrifice. To illustrate: we shall suppose that a citizen has a gross income of $10,000, and that he elects to give away $1,500. In that case his tax will be $2,130, whereas, if he makes no donations, the total will be $2,640, or a difference of only $510. If, however, he were given the option of either paying the government or donating to private charity at the rate of 30 per cent, his tax would become $1,848. The funds made available to private institutions would probably increase by 500 per cent, with a consequent lessening of government costs for education and welfare. I should point out, to be sure, that the percentages and estimates I have made are purely tentative. All that is contended here is that some such solution would be a great deal better than subsidies for private education out of public tax monies. Undoubtedly, such a solution of the problem would be difficult for a number of reasons. But it is far easier and less hazardous than trying to tax the public for the support of private education.

The third and final point is no doubt the most important. Using tax money to help religious schools is so debatable because it puts the individual citizen in the awkward position of being asked to help pay for kinds of education in which he does not believe. In New York, for example, a non-Catholic majority would be assisting in defraying the expenses of Catholic schools, while in some other states a Catho-

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lic minority might be keeping a form of Protestant education alive. But it is being argued that as a matter of fact the public school system is "secularist" and therefore anti-religious, so that the believing citizen is being compelled to foot the bill for an enterprise which he must repudiate. We cannot ignore the case for this conviction, any more than we can shrug off lightly the view that it is wrong to ask a Lutheran to help pay for a Jewish junior high school. Certainly the American public has listened to so many eager spokesmen for an education denuded of all religious commitments that there is no ground for astonishment when one finds these spokesmen taken at their face value.

That is why the Supreme Court decision in the McCollum Case is so damaging to the best interests of public education. The Court ordered that the school authorities of Champaign, Illinois, must rescind the practice of allowing Protestant, Catholic and Jewish groups to use public school edifices after hours for purposes of religious instruction, on the ground that such a practice violated the mandate against union of Church and State enunciated in the Constitution. I do not believe that any such mandate existed in the minds of the Founding Fathers. To imagine that Madison or Jefferson envisaged an American community in which it was quite all right to use educational structures for meetings of the American Legion and Young Progressives of America while denying that right to the Congregational church, St. Aloysius' parish and the local synagogue is to indulge in the delights of a truly riotous historical fancy. However that may be, the decision has, as I have said, done quite incalculable harm to public education in the United States. It has restated with the prestige of the Court precisely what the most prejudiced critics of our schools have uttered more or less in private. Already large groups of the population, Protestant as well as Catholic, are saying that the only way out is to extend somehow the realm of education under religious auspices. At a recent conference held at the University of Minnesota, Dr. George Zook, President of the American Council on Education, reminded his listeners that when Holland adopted a measure legalizing state aid to all schools, 80 per cent were publicly operated, whereas within a few years an equivalent 80 per cent announced that they were "private." The moral is obvious.

I have often wished that those who stir up a great deal of dust with violent pronunciamentos were compelled for a spell to raise money. They appear to think that anyone who makes an explosive noise can obtain what he wants. That other people can make whoopee too seems to elude them. In all sober truth, the United States is inhabited by parents who, despite the various abysses which may sunder them, are deeply troubled about the future of their children and anxious to do anything which promises to be helpful. Perhaps the great majority are, despite the somnolence of their personal spiritual impulses, persuaded that the Church is a good influence on youth. And if that were true, what do you imagine that the long-range impact of the decision in the McCollum Case might be?

For the time being, we can only surmise that the good will which the public schools badly need if all citizens are to support them in the desired way, cannot be secured effectively by somehow adding private religious instruction to the neutral curriculum. Accordingly, we need to think about the manner in which the average community can be persuaded to feel that some of the benefits secured through taxation can be extended to all children, regardless of the institutions they frequent. I believe that if only we could develop a feeling of comradeship and solidarity through the common use of some advantages, much would be gained. For example, we might share libraries, visual education materials, playing fields and theaters. But I must say that here the major obstacle is often the recalcitrance and snobbishness of private institutions, rather than any barriers erected by their colleagues in public education. Private school systems, for instance, have no Boards which could sit down with public Boards of Education in order to find an answer to questions which affect the community

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as a whole. Far too frequently, the religious schools, especially, are so elusive, sensitive and impersonal that establishing contact with them is as arduous an assignment as reading a pirate treasure map. If American education is to prosper, they must be willing to stand up and be counted. Their gain through community cooperation would be immense. In return, the tax-supported schools would acquire invaluable good will.

In conclusion, I should like to say that nothing could be more deleterious than what may be called the wringer philosophy. To believe that all will be well when we put youngsters through the same paces is to announce one's kinship to the Nazis and the Stalinists. We as Americans have traditionally thought that a man has the right to study, believe and do what he considers right, provided only that his convictions make sense and imply no mortal danger to anybody else. It would be a thousand pities if we used the pressure of money to force ourselves into a different frame of mind. After all, we do not say that every student must elect to be a chemist, a philosopher or a journalist. Our curricula are as varied as they are because we hold that the individual has a right to make up his own mind. Why then should we seek to impose cramping notions of democracy? What definition would we nail to the classroom door? I think the nation may correctly remain content with utterances made partly on the basis of conviction (e.g., that a republic is the best form of government), and partly as a result of compromise (e.g., that state's rights may be limited but not abrogated). But to attempt to formulate and ordain an official democratic philosophy is to become insufferably dogmatic.

Right now the air is filled with alarums, stump speeches, accusations and some arrant nonsense. But I have confidence that our people still desire their country to be a place having room for both John Dewey and Dr. Bernard Iddings Bell, with a firm caveat against dictatorship by either. Education has been an expression of our collective desire for freedom. It is to be hoped that we shall permit nobody to make it something else.

In the Summer Number . . .

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR FORUM will be devoted to a discussion of the limits to the welfare state compatible with traditional American freedom.

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The Reader Replies . . .

THE READER REPLIES *regularly carries comments by readers on the contents of the preceding American Scholar Forum. In the Summer number, for example,* THE READER REPLIES *will contain letters about the debate in the current number on the subject: "Public and Private Education." In addition, miscellaneous letters of comment on various articles appear in this department. All communications should be addressed to: The Editor,* THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, *415 First Avenue, New York 10, N. Y., and should not exceed 300 words in length, except for comments on the previous Forum, which may run to 500. Because of limitations of space, the editors cannot guarantee to print all communications received. Letters intended for publication in the Summer number should be mailed before March 15.*—EDITOR

THE NEW CRITICISM AND THE DEMOCRATIC TRADITION

Despite the specification of length of contributions to this department, the Editor felt that in fairness to Mr. Winters he should be given a full hearing of the length he desired. Mr. Davis, in turn, was permitted 500 words in rebuttal, and this limit will apply to further communications from either of these correspondents on this subject hereafter.—EDITOR

A Protest

In the Winter issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR there is an article by Robert Gorham Davis of Smith College, which is entitled "The New Criticism and the Democratic Tradition." In my opinion this article is a disgrace to THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, to Phi Beta Kappa, and to American scholarship. I will give my reasons as briefly as possible, and since I cannot hope to deal with all the writers mentioned by Davis, I will use myself as a test case.

The gist of Davis' argument is that the writers whom he mentions are fascists or potential fascists. Two of these writers are Frenchmen whom (I regret to confess) I have never read: De Maistre and Maurras. One of them is myself. Two are John Crowe Ransom and T. S. Eliot (I have written what are in all likelihood the most complete and unsympathetic attacks on the literary ideas of these two men yet to appear in print, so that their conjunction with me can startle me no more than I suspect it may startle them). Of the remaining and living American fascists (actual or potential) mentioned by Davis, I have not read some and I have no interest in the rest, with the

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single exception of Allen Tate. I believe that Tate has written some great poems and some interesting critical essays, though I disagree with him as often as I agree with him. I am very fond of him personally and have a high regard for his personal character. I do not believe that he is or ever was a fascist. Of the other writers mentioned by Davis I have met one: Ransom; I have met him only recently, although I have known his work and disapproved of it for many years. I like and respect Ransom personally, and see no reason to believe him a fascist. I am aware of no reason why Tate should be called a fascist because he disagrees with me; or why Ransom should be called a fascist because he disagrees with me; or why any of us should be called fascists because Davis disagrees with any of us. What Davis agrees with it would be hard to say, unless it is (conceivably) with Emerson and Whitman. I have written of the fallacies of Emerson and Whitman at some length. If Davis has written of their virtues, I have somehow missed his publications.

As to Davis' methods of demonstrating his point, I can really say very little, for to deal with him adequately would require repeated illustration of a very few principles. However, I can give a few examples. Maurras (who apparently was a fascist) used the term *ontology* in dealing with poetry. Ransom also has used it. Ergo, Ransom is a fascist.

Tate published a volume of essays entitled *Reactionary Essays;* I referred to myself in the opening pages of my essay on Eliot as a reactionary. Ergo, Tate and I and perhaps twenty others are fascists. So far as my use of the term is concerned, I was referring to myself as a reactionary against the confused construction of modern poetry (as represented by Pound and Eliot) and against the ideas supporting that confusion; the statement was perfectly clear and simple, and there can be no excuse for anyone who may have misread it. I cannot speak for Tate, but it is my opinion that his use was more general than mine and that it included the notion of reaction against certain contemporary social and philosophical ideas in favor of older ones; but that there was anything fascistic about his "reactions" I have yet to discover. No one but a fool would assert that change (what is frequently called progress) is automatically desirable. On the other hand, as all of us know, certain changes represent real progress. Davis appears to imply that criticism of particular changes is un-American. I respectfully submit the opinion that his implication is un-American. If Americanism means anything, it means freedom of speech and of opinion: so long, that is, as the speaker defends his ideas as ideas, without misquotation, misrepresentation or other unscholarly methods.

This leads me to the next point in Davis' case against me (and others). Davis states that I and others published in the *American Review* after it had appeared that the editors were openly fascist. (As a matter of fact, he does not say *the editors*, he says *it*). Seward Collins and two or three of his associates were unquestionably pro-fascist. A good many other contributors to the *American Review* defended hopeless causes in the realms of politics, economics and sociology, but not all of them were fascists; in fact few of them were fascists: Tate and his Agrarian friends, for example, were in my opinion fantasists but were certainly not fascists. Meanwhile, the *American Review* was the best critical review of literature in the country for about two or three years. The political and social articles were written conscientiously (however mistakenly) in the interest of clarifying ideas; they were not written in the interest of beclouding personal reputations. Since I am an old-fashioned American and not a Marxian or post-Marxian American, I believe that every man has a right to express his opinions so long as he does it in a clear and scholarly manner. I have no objection to personal association with any man who is willing to argue his ideas on the basis of the virtue of the ideas, no matter how bad I may think the ideas to be. I have a deep-seated aversion, on the other hand, to personal association with any man who defends his ideas by misquotation, misrepresentation and personal aspersion.

If I were to use Davis' methods against

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himself, I could point out that he has published repeatedly in the *Partisan Review*, which has long been known as an anti-Stalinist (and at one time was actively a pro-Trotskyite) Marxist review. I have the impression that some of the staff have recently gone Republican, but the history of the magazine is well known. I should be justified therefore in regarding Davis as a type of international revolutionary. His method of writing—the method of misrepresentation, misquotation, fragmentary illustration, and personal aspersion, has been that of the Communist press all over the world and has been that of the Marxist critics in this country from the beginning, regardless of their party affiliations. It was likewise, *par parenthèse* (if I may quote Henry James), the method of Father Coughlin, Goebbels, and others like them; and more recently has been the method of Robert Hillyer in the *Saturday Review of Literature*—and of Hillyer's articles Davis appears to express a guarded approval. I don't know exactly what I could get out of all this, but I could certainly get something unpleasant, especially if I worked with sufficient ingenuity and wrote with sufficient evasiveness.

Now Davis' only explicit points against me are the two I have mentioned: that I once referred to myself as a reactionary and that twelve or fourteen years ago I published a few purely literary essays in the *American Review*. Among the damning terms which he lists, however, as evidence of fascism in the user, is the word *absolutes*. The listing of this word may be aimed in part at me, for in the Foreword to my collection of essays *In Defense of Reason*, I have referred to myself as an absolutist. I made my meaning quite clear in the context, however: that is, I believe in the reality of absolute truth; and since I am not a Platonist, I accept the theistic explanation of this reality offered by Averroës, Avicenna and Aquinas—namely that true judgment and true knowledge reside in God, that it is the duty of every man to approximate them as closely as his particular talents permit. Now if this is actually or potentially a fascistic notion, then every believing Christian and Jew is a fascist, to say nothing of many others. Actually this belief is immovably anti-fascist, for it places the responsibility for his own development (and perhaps salvation) solidly on the individual, and it indicates that any arbitrary interference with his assuming the responsibility is evil. The fascist (or any totalitarian) state, however, indicates that true knowledge and judgment reside in the Leader, and that it is the duty of the citizen to accept his verdicts without question. There is no conceivable reconciliation of these points of view.

As to the actual content of my essays, they deal with literary subjects and not political. Only in a few places, and more or less incidentally, do they indicate my own political ideas. However, if the reader is sufficiently curious to consult *In Defense of Reason* (pages 7, 487 and 569), he will find fairly explicit indications that I am not a fascist; he might find more by careful combing; he will find nothing to indicate that I am a fascist. So much for what I have written. It is obvious that Davis has made no effort to read me before commenting upon me.

As to the facts of my personal life, they are nobody's business, strictly speaking, but since I have offered myself as a test case, I will give a few of them. I cast my first presidential vote for old Bob La Follette, my second for Alfred E. Smith, my next four for F. D. Roosevelt, and my last for Harry S. Truman. Since the collapse of La Follette's third party I have been a registered Democrat, and have voted a straight ticket. My wife and I are dues-paying but otherwise inactive members of the NAACP; my daughter is a member of a student chapter of the NAACP; I am a dues-paying member of the American Civil Liberties Union. I am a somewhat more active member of a small local group organized to combat racial and religious prejudice and affiliated with the California Federation for Civic Unity. I am a member of the Cooperative Society of Palo Alto. And I am a member of the Southern California Airedale Association. So far as I can recollect, that is all; if I have overlooked anything, it is no more fascistic than the

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items I have mentioned. I am not even a member of MLA. Although I am a member of Phi Beta Kappa at this writing, I shall not be by the time you receive this letter, for my key and my resignation are going in to the University of Colorado Chapter which initiated me.

I am sending this letter not only to you but to the University of Colorado Chapter and to the Stanford Chapter. I do not believe that Davis know any more about the other people he discussed than he knew about me. His article was neither American nor scholarly; it was a disgrace that it should have appeared anywhere but most of all that it should have appeared in THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, a journal issued by the Phi Beta Kappa society, which is dedicated to upholding the principles of American scholarship. I believe that THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR owes an apology to myself, to every other writer mentioned in Davis' article, and to its readers. I expect this protest to be published.

Yvor Winters
Los Altos, California

A Reply

I have been an attentive reader of Yvor Winters' vigorous and (in a good sense) opinionated criticism ever since, as a senior in college, I discovered his exciting essay in the *American Caravan* of 1929. I regret that I did not have room in my article to discuss his ideas explicitly, since they are a rich part of the pattern I was describing there. My two brief and incidental mentions of his name, however—as incidental as my references to fascism—have aroused Mr. Winters to what I am afraid is a willful misinterpretation of all that I wrote. His dramatic accusations hang entirely on the word *fascist*, which he repeats twenty times. I used it just twice, once in introducing a comment on fascism by T. S. Eliot, and once ("pro-fascist") in a reference to the *American Review*, which Mr. Winters agrees to be correct as far as the *Review*'s editorial direction is concerned. The term, "reactionary," which I put in quotes, is the term which both Tate and Winters have used to designate their own criticism.

What I was discussing in my article was not fascism, but the vocabulary and underlying anti-liberal, anti-progressive assumptions of an American academic criticism in which *orthodoxy*, *dogmatism*, *absolutism*, *heresy* and the like are key terms. As explicitly as space permitted, I related this critical doctrine to a philosophic tradition running back at least to the thirteenth century, and to more immediate sources in the French clerical and traditionalist reaction against the ideas of '89, best studied in the work of De Maistre and Maurras. I described a classic and dogmatic attitude toward the nature of man which finds Calvinism and romanticism dual aspects of the same heresy. In the beginning of his essay on Henry Adams, quoting from Étienne Gilson in reference to Aquinas and Ockham, Yvor Winters proceeds to develop exactly the complex of ideas which I described on page twelve of my article, a Thomist orthodoxy which he opposes throughout his work to the individualist fallacies of Whitman and Emerson. Naturally "reactionary" critics define their reaction in different ways, and Winters is certainly a severe critic of Eliot. But he criticizes Eliot precisely for not being Thomist and orthodox enough, for not living up in his poetic practice to the dogmatic ideas he professes in his criticism.

In his work generally, as in his letter, Mr. Winters makes St. Thomas Aquinas the chief champion of freedom of thought and freedom of conscience, although actually the Thomist philosophy had no way of dealing with individuality. The Thomist emphasis on *unum corpus*, on the visible embodiment of God's will in the Church under the headship of the Pope, encouraged the concentration of ecclesiastical power and the subjection of the individual to the traditional, corporate authority of the Church. The criticism of the weak points of Thomism by Duns Scotus and Ockham are the theological-philosophical sources of the Protestant-individualist-evolutionary-progressive tradition which I dis-

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cussed in my article, and which eventuates, for Winters, in the fallacies of Emerson and Whitman, and in the suicide of Hart Crane.

Mr. Winters' political record is, from my point of view, an admirable one, and shows that there can be in an individual case the same interesting disparity between the implication of critical ideas and of political action as there is generally between the New Criticism and the American democratic tradition. In my article, of course, I had to be guided by what Mr. Winters has written. If any readers of his letter are persuaded to believe that my invocation of his name was unscholarly, I can only urge them to read again, along with my article, all those passages in *In Defense of Reason* which touch on the topics with which my article was centrally concerned.

Robert Gorham Davis
El Paso, Texas

ARE AMERICAN WOMEN MAKING THE MOST OF THE RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES FOR WHICH THEY FOUGHT?

Somewhat Short of the Truth

A plague on both your houses! Miss Rogers seems to be suffering from an advanced case of humility-complex. "The girls aren't doing too badly," she apologizes. "Disillusioned but dogged, they're doing their humble best." As for Mrs. Hedden, she positively gloats over the discovery that most young girls nowadays (at least the more marriageable ones among them) accept motherhood as their "essential industry" and gear their lives principally to that end. To the determined career girl, if I read her aright, she would toss the bone of free love. The sum of these views seems to me, to be polite about it, to fall somewhat short of the truth.

Women are in the throes of a social and economic revolution, as Miss Rogers properly observes, a revolution caused largely by factors beyond their control. Thrown out of their homes into a man's world, which does not exactly want them, the adjustment is not easy on either side. It is not helped by too great aggressiveness, as the early pioneers quickly found out. Neither is it helped by excessive humility, the "sense of guilt" in holding a man's job, as I have heard it described. Shifts in work patterns are inevitable, and most of us know better than to have any sense of guilt about that. Thanks to higher education, we've also almost demolished the myth that women have second-class minds. So "humility" is definitely on the way out.

Mrs. Hedden, on the other hand, makes everything too easy—except for the poor men who must foot the bills for women's "essential industry." She overlooks the fact that marriage and home-making are no longer full-time careers (nor even secure ones) for most women. The period of intensive home-making is in reality very short; and after that most women cannot afford to live in comparative idleness. More important, perhaps, their husbands cannot afford to have them do so. The life expectancy of women, five years more than men, tells the tale of the strain that many men put upon themselves to keep "Mom" in the home. Most girls want a skill nowadays, I believe —with which to do their bit in time of stringency or trouble, with which to have an occupation when the children grow up and fly out of the nest.

The postwar world is full of talk of human rights, of the dignity of individual peo-

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ple and their right to develop and expand their potentialities to the utmost. Women are people too, with potentialities as varied as any man's. The "essential industry" is here to stay. But so also are the variations from the norm. Let us make it easy, rather than hard, for women to develop all of themselves, not just a part.

Dorothy Kenyon
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New York 4, N. Y.

An Internal Conflict

Any social historian must agree with Miss Rogers' contention that, during the past fifty years, American women "have been living through a revolution that has completely altered their own habits and society's attitude toward, and demands upon, them." But one important consequence of this revolution is seldom noticed. Everyone realizes that, during its course, women have succeeded in winning certain major freedoms: economic, social and political. How many of us are aware that their struggle to obtain these has precipitated an internal conflict between aspiration and instinct?

In re-defining her proper role in our civilization, woman has been compelled to include some provision for the bearing and rearing of children. For most women, this is a built-in biological instinct of such strength and insistence that it cannot be frustrated in behalf of a "career" or purely individual "freedom" without eventual dissatisfaction and unhappiness. Man is not thus afflicted, on the biological level. Any tendencies he may have to nesting and fatherhood get taught to him—by women. Saddled as she is, on the biological level, by this compulsive instinct, woman must, on the social level, come to terms with two institutions deeply entrenched in Western culture: home and family. Like all fundamental social institutions, and even more than most, these resist change.

During the past fifty years, women have succeeded in profoundly modifying our concepts of home and family—to the end of gaining a degree of freedom comparable with that of the male. In doing this, women have, in a sense, transformed our society and radically altered the climate of ideas in which we live. But, in order to do it, they have had to resolve their internal conflict between aspiration and instinct; if not completely, at least extensively. This, probably, has been their greatest victory—and it has enabled them to make more of the rights and privileges for which they fought than could reasonably have been expected in so short a time.

Lloyd Morris
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Unadventurous or Realistic?

Oddly enough, Agnes Rogers and Worth Tuttle Hedden are in agreement that there's nothing essentially wrong with American women. They reach this conclusion by routes so markedly different that I suspect they are unaware of each other's presence on common ground.

I agree with them that too much is asked of women as individuals and as a group. Critics constantly belabor women for an incredible number of reasons that reflect conflicting ideals and attitudes. The sense of inadequacy which many women undoubtedly feel may be due to confusion as to role and straining after perfection. Even the severest critic must recognize the heavy odds against realization of the Suffragette dream in the period of social and economic upheaval since World War I that has furnished the backdrop of woman's emancipation. And isn't thirty years a short time to effect a social revolution?

Miss Rogers is convinced—and convincing—on the point that young women of today do not have the adventurous spirit that led college graduates a generation ago to embark upon a variety of careers with high hope of success. She deplores the low expectations and humility of girls entitled to anticipate achievement in line with superior ability.

Mrs. Hedden speaks another language. She starts from the premise that women are primarily mothers—actual or potential—

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and that feminists of the early twentieth century did not succeed in removing physical handicaps, but only created an illusion. Young women now accept with enthusiasm their role in "women's essential industry." Nor do business and professional women underestimate their value; they too are more realistic than their predecessors.

I wonder if interpretation of the record of the generation before them isn't determining the plans for life that young women make today. Are these plans unadventurous or are they realistic? The record supplies plenty of ammunition for either point of view.

Sydnor H. Walker
Vassar College
Poughkeepsie, New York

The True Measure of Success

I suppose it is still impossible to discuss the place of women in the modern world without animus, without strong defensive feelings or the reverse. A little of the stridency which was natural in the days when they were struggling for their freedoms will creep in. It would seem that by now it could be accepted without emotion that women have a decided handicap as far as the professions and business are concerned; that it could be quietly recognized that marriage, which to men is a spur to their ambition and to the single-minded concentration necessary to success, is to women an obstacle and a distraction. That granted, we can perhaps see more clearly the form that woman's adventurous spirit, which Miss Rogers believes is on the decline, is taking today.

It is in the variety and scope of the demands that women are making on life that I find their courage most in evidence. They demand in ever-increasing numbers a college education, and feel no more committed by it to a special career than men do. They expect and want early marriage and children, although they know that they must get along without service. Often, to help out, they take a part-time or full-time job, and in addition most of them ask an active part in the cultural and community life of their time.

Who shall say that the task of harmonizing all these aspects of living is not enough to challenge the adventurous spirit of women? And it is perhaps a more truly creative job than following in the beaten track of a professional career. Its successes may not be measured by the numbers of distinguished business or professional women (though those numbers are bound to increase) but by the greater stability, intelligence and harmony of our society as a whole.

Mabel Foote Weeks
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Their Irresistible Advance

Both Agnes Rogers and Worth Hedden have expressed in their articles the bewilderment of those who have interested themselves in the position of the American woman today. The fact is that Victorian feminism is as dead as a doornail. It has accomplished all of its purposes. Women now have an opportunity to acquire an education, enter the professions and the sciences, work for an office salary or a factory wage, establish a career, and even to make a fortune. No one should be disappointed because millions of them choose domesticity and raising a family. There have been fewer published exhortations this year than at any time since the war, demanding that they enter politics and finance and other professions for which they have shown little inclination so far. The situation this year is in a sense unnatural; continued national prosperity, the rise in the birthrate, the final loss of the domestic servant, the tendency to live in small houses, with two or three bedrooms, have checked only temporarily the advance of women. Feminists will have to wait until this young generation discovers that the little "ranch" house is only an enlarged shack, that their college education has been forgotten and lost in the daily chores with children and kitchen. They will begin then to crawl out of the hole they have dug for themselves, because they will find their

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later years unsatisfactory economically and intellectually.

In the meantime, those whose marriages are broken, those who do not have children, or are unmarried, and those who must work to keep the family going, will continue to flood into the labor market and into the professions newly opened to them. The word, "ambition," has been neglected; it is now a quality possessed by both women and men, and it will lead women by the millions to regard their self-serving homes as a part-time job or a place from which they must escape. "Fear" is another powerful word. As women realize that they are destined to live to over sixty, that a large proportion of them must live years after their husbands have died and their children have left them, they will fear those years in which they will have few intellectual interests, no creative work, and too little income. Fear will drive them to take care of their later years through their own efforts while they are still young. They will also begin to insist that they acquire knowledge of how to manage the inheritances they will receive, and in the great community centers spreading over the country they will insist that they have some chance to enter school boards and local politics. If they must stay in minute homes, sheer boredom will drive them forward.

Women will advance whether the country is increasingly prosperous and productive, or whether it falls into a depression. In the first case, their labor will be necessary, as it is elsewhere in the world; in the second, they will have to go out to work to save their homes and help educate their children. It is not necessary to look back on the abysmal position of women in Victorian days to realize that their advance as partners of men in the business of life and society is irresistible. Every effort will be made to check them, to keep them in the kitchen and the bedroom, but it will not succeed. Another war would settle the question forever; it is through wars and depressions that women have always been kicked upstairs.

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MISCELLANEOUS COMMENTS

The Case of the *Nation*

In the introductory remarks to David K. Berninghausen's article, "The Case of the *Nation*," which I presume were added by a member of the staff of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, you speak of "censorship . . . because of Paul Blanshard's articles describing and criticizing the official position of the Catholic Church in certain secular matters."

Is this not prejudicial to a fair discussion of Mr. Berninghausen's case? On page 49, Dr. Jansen is quoted as finding two of the Blanshard articles "devoted to a criticism of Catholic beliefs, dogmas, and religious practices [which are] not only criticized but ridiculed by innuendo." Since this is the nub of the question, it seems unfortunate that your editor should decide it in advance of Mr. Berninghausen.

It is also regrettable that Mr. Berninghausen should show so little familiarity with the New York public high schools, where a wise effort is being made to handle a potentially unhappy situation. Some sacrifices have been made: for instance, William Shakespeare has been jettisoned as an authority on racial proclivities, and Mr. Blanshard as an expert on religion. Mr. Berninghausen, however, has no proof at all for the gratuitous conclusion he accepts, that "the Board is eager to find some way to eliminate the *Nation* from the school shelves." Nothing could be less in keeping with the temper of the New York City schools—and nothing more futile; for, though Mr. Berninghausen appears unaware of the fact, the *Nation* is available to every high school student at his neighborhood library.

The point is that Catholic boys and girls are compelled by law to attend high schools —which means, for a great number of them, public high schools. Mr. MacLeish is quoted to the effect that the principle of the separa-

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tion of church and state means "that no church may use the public schools as instruments of propaganda." This means, for instance, that a Catholic may not donate the *Commonweal* or the *Catholic World* to a public school library. But it also means that Mr. Berninghausen's whole argument is a one-way affair. School libraries may present attacks on religion, but not defenses, lest "separation of church and state" be compromised!

Mr. Berninghausen also quotes a letter from Lewis Mumford to Dr. Jansen, complaining that Dr. Jansen has not answered Mr. Blanshard's facts. It is impossible to take Mr. Mumford seriously when we realize that he would be the first to object to an appointed official of the state engaging in religious polemics—at least on the religious side. The trifling anecdote he retails is further evidence that Mr. Mumford is not sincerely anxious to solve the immediate problem.

Mr. Berninghausen is right in urging that the *Nation* and its policy should be judged as a whole. But so should the policy of the New York Board of Education, which is aimed, not at restricting free inquiry, but at developing toleration.

George McFadden
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

I have just seen David K. Berninghausen's article on "The Case of the *Nation*," in the Winter AMERICAN SCHOLAR. It is certainly a fine piece of work. His reasoning is exceedingly cogent, and I hope that his presentation of the case will have great effect. It certainly should.

Allen Maxwell
Editor, *Southwest Review*
Southern Methodist University
Dallas, Texas

The central point in Mr. Berninghausen's article "The Case of the *Nation*" is that opportunity to read the *Nation* in high school libraries is necessary to insure "freedom of inquiry, freedom to examine alternative points of view. . ." The *Nation* does not, of course, present alternative points of view—only one point of view, which is consistently and violently anti-Catholic, on every issue; e.g., Cardinal Mindszenty, the Holy Places, missions in China, parochial schools, etc. Who presents the other?

The article presents about three pages of statistics and comment on how other cities select their books: "eighteen high schools in New York State"—out of many hundreds—"replied to a questionnaire . . . thirty-four large cities reported . . ." Few of these do as New York does; therefore, New York is probably wrong. Isn't it possible that New York has an unique problem? The conclusion hinted at is that each principal should decide, for his school. Then, the heat could be put on him, if he didn't admit the *Nation;* the principals of John Adams and DeWitt Clinton high schools had such experiences.

Next, the professional librarians are quoted. One says, "The often unique point of view of the *Nation* is especially desirable . . . the scholarly appraisals in its book-reviewing columns are contributing factors in its long-standing prestige." The "are" should read "were"; referring to the days of Oswald Villard. The *Nation* today carries book reviews called by one of its regular readers "too horribly vulgar to be read before adults." At the hearing, last June, its favorable review of a book condoning sexual perversion was exhibited. The conclusion is reached that, because the *Nation* is listed in the *Readers' Guide*, it must be put into every school library. Is it practical to furnish every school with every magazine that "the foremost professional authority in the field of magazine selection" may recommend, perhaps because of its "uniqueness"? Is it necessary, when the *Nation* is in the public libraries, where any student especially anxious to read it can readily find it? So, the student *does* have "freedom of inquiry" equal to that of adults; he *does* have "an opportunity to gain experience."

We come now to the "pros and cons of the specific issue," viz., the fitness of the

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Nation to be in libraries of schools open to pupils of all religions. The Board of Superintendents says it should not, because, in it, "Catholic beliefs and religious practices are not only criticized, but are ridiculed by innuendo." The Board announces that its policy is to protect pupils—all pupils—from insults of this kind. These decisions are undoubtedly approved by the overwhelming majority of the parents, pupils and teachers —Frieda Kirchwey, Archibald MacLeish, Lewis Mumford and the whole Ad Hoc Committee notwithstanding. Our schools should be centers of charity and good neighborliness, not of bickering and religious argument. In a time when our unity is threatened in every devious way by enemies from without and within, the Board has applied sound American doctrine. There *is* one country where "freedom of anti-religious propaganda," in schools and out, is guaranteed by its constitution; that country is not the United States of America.

Looking ahead to future action on this issue, when Miss Kirchwey asks for the lifting of the ban next June, the questions must be asked: has the leopard changed its spots? has the *Nation* reformed? have its articles and its book reviews shown a greater sense of impartial truth, a more decent manner of expression, this year than last? As far as I can see, the answer will be "No." The *Nation* of 1949—not of 1865, nor even of 1900, when it really was respected—has sunk almost to the level of Mr. Leslie's the *Protestant*, which is avoided by most real Protestants. In addition to its delinquencies in morals and taste, it continues its policy of anti-Americanism, which caused Professor Sidney Hook to say of it: "The *Nation* has followed a totalitarian policy for ten years, and the editor has been guilty of moral and intellectual double-dealing." Practically every page contains misinformation and un-American propaganda, which students using it cannot fail to absorb. Unless these conditions are corrected, during the next few months, the New York schools can wisely see the end of "The Case of the *Nation*."

Herbert D. A. Donovan, Ph.D.
New Hyde Park, Long Island, N. Y.

I am delighted to see an article on the banning of the *Nation* appear in THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. To me this is one of the vital issues of the day and many of us in the American Library Association are proud of the work Mr. Berninghausen is doing on our behalf.

Laura K. Martin
Department of Library Science
College of Arts and Sciences
University of Kentucky, Lexington 29

The New Criticism and the Democratic Tradition

Robert Gorham Davis' article, "The New Criticism and the Democratic Tradition," deserves and provokes an answer. Professor Davis is obviously motivated by antagonism toward certain attitudes and influences in American letters and appears as a defender of what he calls "democratic liberalism" without making the least effort to define what that might be. Whatever that might be it's clear who Professor Davis would exclude from it, the New Humanists and the Agrarians and others of their ilk, the reason for their exclusion being that they are spiritual expatriates comparable to the physical expatriates of the twenties. They are spiritual expatriates because in their journals they persistently reveal a tendency, apparently very annoying to Professor Davis, to criticize many aspects of the world of religion, politics and letters as these are—or as they see them—in the twentieth century. In other words, they have ideas of their own about the nature of reality and in many cases they have the courage and the ability to work out these ideas in terms of the criticism of art and often in terms of art itself, as witness Robert Penn Warren's enviable record as poet, novelist and critic; Ransom's, Tate's and Mark Van Doren's as poets and critics; and Norman Foerster's and Austin Warren's as critics, etc.

It is true, their debt to such figures as

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Emerson and Whitman is not conspicuous, but I dare say that they have all at one time gone to school to these poets, taken from them what they could, and gone on from there. Aristotle went to school to Plato, too, and Plato to Homer, but each came out with ideas radically different from his respected master's. Since when has mutation or deviation become treason? Since when was Plato not a true Greek? Since when was Aristotle a spiritual expatriate?

When Professor Davis holds up Emerson and Whitman as models of "democratic liberalism" and suggests that only their spiritual descendants are the spiritual patriots of today, he is implying, first, that it is possible to decide conclusively who are the spiritual descendants of Emerson and Whitman and who are not (in a sense every man who acts independently is Emerson's spiritual heir); and, second, that, in general, there is only *one* kind of spiritual patriotism proper to America. The first implication dissolves into meaninglessness since who of America, let alone the above condemned group, could say where his debt to Emerson and Whitman begins or ends? And the second stands self-condemned as a flagrant example of precisely that authoritarianism of which Professor Davis accuses others.

George de Schweinitz
University of Alabama
University, Alabama

Kudos to Robert Gorham Davis for a superlatively satisfying article—"The New Criticism and the Democratic Tradition." It is erudite, comprehensive, restrained—yet devastating. Fortunately our cherished "Democratic Tradition" has not been noticeably impaired by the nibblings of this new criticism, and a reading of the Davis article lends added comfort to the conviction that if this criticism ever really had a "corrective purpose," that purpose is now completed.

There will always be an antithesis between the religionist (one who bows in reverence before tradition, the ecclesiastical status quo, fossilized dogma) and the realist (one who relies on the facts of earthly experience in lieu of any exact knowledge of things supernatural). To the latter the remark attributed to Robert Heilman that "holding liberal-democratic-progressive views with any conviction" makes one "incapable of appreciating imaginative literature," is tommyrot obscurantism. Religion has its legitimate place in human life, and orthodoxy, admittedly, is far more than a mere name: but when John Crowe Ransom unbosoms himself hieratically thus: "With whatever religious institution a man may be connected, let him try to turn it back toward orthodoxy," nostalgically he may be subserving religious ideals learned in a God-fearing home, but assuredly he is not positing a sound basis for a forward-looking criticism of life.

In the minds of certain churchmen there may be a direct connection between the doctrine of "Original Sin" and a valid criticism of life; but in this scientific era one almost is horrified to read Hulme's credo that "man is an extraordinarily fixed and limited animal whose nature is absolutely constant," so that "only by tradition and organization can anything decent be got out of him." Dogmatically the Church may tie itself to this dogma of "Original Sin," but somehow millions of good churchmen manage to work out satisfactory criticisms of living, above and beyond its reach.

Against all these reactionary theses of the "New Criticism" emphatically "I'll take my stand" in common with a host of others who refuse to believe that a sound criticism of life necessarily must ooze out of certain priestly assumptions harking back to mediaeval theology and dogma, which after these hundreds of years cannot yet affix an honest Q.E.D. to their problems.

Laban Lacy Rice
Ware Neck, Virginia

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UNDER WHATEVER SKY

Irwin Edman

S-L-O-W

I am informed under reliable authority that a magazine entitled *Quick*, the most intransigently "digested" of the news weeklies, is a popular and financial success. Logically, it should be. If brevity is the essence of the matter, the briefer the better; and a magazine that can sum up the history of the week in ten minutes' reading time is patently better than one that takes twenty. The triumph of genius in this direction would of course be the publication that lucidly summarized the miscellaneous story of the past week of the world in one succinct and transparent sentence, or perhaps in one compact and not too cryptic word—an epithet, perhaps, that could be flashed in huge electric lights on the tower of some skyscraper. "There you have it!" one might say as he saw the comprehensive word flashed against the evening sky. Why bother about details? In essence, "This is it."

The trend all seems in this direction, but trends are notoriously reversible, and fashions generate their diametrical opposites. I suspect that in a few years there may be a mass market for a magazine called *S-L-O-W*. Such a publication would not necessarily be enormous in size, but there would be every internal indication that it was to be read slowly and, in the Baconian phrase, to be read, marked and inwardly digested. For it is not only the news weeklies that have come to put a premium on speed of reading and the rapidity which which information may be acquired. The very style in which novelists write, or perhaps the lack of style with which they write, suggests that in fiction, too, we are being enjoined not to pause, not to savor, not to meditate or reflect, but to skim along as rapidly as possible over the greatest miscellany of adventures, amorous and martial, that can be crowded into a thousand rapidly written, rapidly merchandised pages.

What a relief it would be to have a periodical which from its first page made it evident that what was here printed ought to be read slowly, to be thought about, to be savored, to be quietly enjoyed. Some of the popular magazines a few years ago used to put at the head of their stories: "Reading time: 11 minutes." It would be delightful to come across stories, poems, essays, for which, if the reading time were marked, it might conceivably be "the rest of your life," "eternity," "forever." Then there might be a revival of the art of literature, as against the purveying of information. The pleasures of the epicure would be renewed, and we should learn to taste rather than to gulp. The essay would replace the article; the novel would be more like a poem than like a piece of reportage; we should know fewer, possibly irrelevant, things less rapidly; we should apprehend them but slowly, slowly. We should come once again to perceive, to feel, to understand. But I suspect this transformation will itself be slow and my dream publication called *S-L-O-W* is a long way off. Utopia time: a millennium.

What's He Like?

The other day a friend of mine mentioned with admiration the professional work of someone he did not realize I had long known.

"Oh, do you know him?" said my friend. "What's he like?"

I felt suddenly helplessly baffled. It is easy enough, coming home from a dinner or party where one has met a new acquaintance, possibly a celebrity, to explain glibly to one's friends what he is like. I summed up Nehru in a paragraph after meeting him at a crush tea. But it becomes increasingly difficult to be so glib the longer one knows a friend. The man in question I had known for something like twenty years. If anyone

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had said to me, "Do you know what he is like?" I should promptly have said, "Of course." But now, asked casually and without warning to tell what he was like, I found myself completely inarticulate.

How could I explain to someone who had never known the man what was most important or characteristic about him, and did I, I suddenly said to myself, really know? Perversely, there came into my mind at the moment all sorts of trivial, incidental and superficial things. I thought of his somewhat affected manner, or what to a stranger would seem affected. I thought of little eccentricities of speech and of gesture—a preciousness of phrase, a prissiness of voice, a pompous stance. And it was on the tip of my tongue to say these things. But I had known this man too long to believe that these were his essence or his substance. I had seen him in moments of jubilation and despair. I knew his compassions and his intensities; I knew his affirmations and his doubts; I knew his little momentary malices and his deep moral indignation. It was impossible to make all these things clear in a moment or in an hour, and we did not have an hour.

"Oh, he's very nice," I said. "You would like him. We must arrange for you to meet him sometime."

"But you haven't told me what he's like," said my friend.

"I'm not sure I know," I said.

You Know What I Mean?

It has become a familiar locution in colloquial New York speech, especially among the not very literate, after the most obvious sentence, to add "You know what I mean?" with a wistful, rising inflection implying that between "buddies," in the common brotherhood of men, among men who know their way around, explanations are unnecessary—and impossible. Thus, I have heard a taxi driver say, "I was just walking down the street; you know what I mean? I was going home and was going to stop for something to eat; you know what I mean?"

The expression has haunted me. There is something pathetic about it, and I wonder in what the pathos consists. Is it perhaps a shrewd suspicion on the part of those not accustomed to elaborate speech that even the simplest experience can somehow not be communicated, and that even walking down the street or stopping for something to eat is not quite explicable or communicable in its fullness? There is something about language, it is felt by those not professionally concerned with the arts of language, something that language cannot say. One might as well not try to say it, but just trust to luck, to a natural unspoken communion, to a sense that each solitary human being has, that *any* human being, any stranger, has been in the same boat, has been there, knows what it is like, will know what one means.

I have wondered why it has become so common to add the expression to the simplest utterances. Perhaps the New York equivalent of the London cockney (who has never heard the name of Immanuel Kant) is trying to say something like what Kant says in the *Critique of Judgment:* that, in life as in art, there is a felt meaning—and it is impossible to say what is meant; a realized purpose without the possibility of defining the purpose; a finality without the possibility of translating that finality into explanation. Perhaps the simple literate feels as Bergson felt, that all intellectual language is periphrastic, only the vaguest approximation. And yet that there is a communication, a viability, a communion beyond or below language. You know what I mean?

Cyclic Sense

Some of my middle-aged contemporaries are increasingly complaining that as the years go by they seem to go by more rapidly. And particularly to people in academic life there have come to be almost indecent rapidity and recurrence in the academic seasons. The shambles of registration are scarcely over when the whirlwind of examinations begins. One seems scarcely to have begun a course when one is giving his last lecture in it. The vacation season has hardly ended when the problem of what to do next summer begins.

All this is familiar enough, and so perhaps is the increasing sense of a rapidity in

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the cycle. Not only does time seem to move more rapidly, but it seems to return with whirlwind speed upon itself. I cannot help thinking that grandiose theories of returning cycles and recurrent ages are simply a projection of the human experience of repetition—repetition which, becoming more familiar as life goes on, seems to be more and more rapid in recurrence so that by the time one is middle-aged, the wheels spin so rapidly that there is danger the cycle will settle down to a paradoxically fevered monotony. Everything seems to be the already seen, the previously experienced, a familiar round, and the recurrences begin to crowd each other until all is the vanity and sameness celebrated by Ecclesiastes.

Perhaps this explains why in life as well as in novels, middle-aged persons suddenly, and to their friends' surprise, break out into unexpected nonconformities, violences or eccentricities. The reputable banker robs his bank; the happy, respectable householder deserts his household; there have even been cases of professors becoming ranchmen or movie extras.

How hard we are to please. We chafe at monotonies and recurrences, and almost in the same breath we complain about the insecurities and precariousness of the contemporary world, and look back to the pleasant life of security and of order we fondly believe to have been a delight of our Victorian ancestors. Perhaps these contradictory ideals of change and recurrence are not so contradictory as they seem. The very substance of life, the very fact of breathing, is itself a rhythm, and a rhythm is simply order among interruptions. Within the cycle of recurrence, there is plenty of variety possible. Though the weight of moral tradition is against it, it is possible in the cycle of change to enjoy both the expected and the surprising, to be alternately rested and thrilled.

Who? Me?

It is encouraging these days to hear so much said in defense of the individual. Only a few years ago the individual had threatened to be dissolved in a network of social relationships, and it was only by an illusion that one thought of oneself as a separate, unextinguishable, isolated and inviolable being. The ego was no longer its own, but the function of a pattern of culture, of a tangle of complexes, the focus of a tradition, an organism and an environment. Personality was an end product of a social system. One was not oneself; one was the stereotype of a class, a family, a past, an infantile pattern, a racial memory.

It is almost worth a cold war to have a revival of rhetoric (anyway) about the dignity of the individual, the freedom of the unique personality, the inviolableness of the private being and the induplicable person. It is warming to the heart to sit back while democratic orators remind one how precious and ultimate one is. It is the individual for whom wars of liberation are fought, the protection of the individual for which heroes die, the private soul for whom the elaborate machinery of democratic life is justified. The least of us is as much as the greatest. Nobody can be more than one, and any one of us illustrates all the dignity, freedom and preciousness of the most beautiful and flowering genius among us.

When orators begin to talk of the ultimate dignity of the individual, I like to think they might just as well be meaning me. Surely it is inspiring to think that any of us is as mighty an illustration of justice and worth as the most eminent or the most useful or the most generous. The individual! Lord bless him! The individual, more power to him! The individual, the summit of human endeavor! The Individual! Heavens, he is talking about me!

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The Revolving Bookstand

Anthropology Comes of Age

Clyde Kluckhohn

Anthropology: Race, Language, Culture, Psychology, Prehistory, by A. L. Kroeber. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. 1948. 856 pp. $7.50.
Man and His Works, by Melville J. Herskovits. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1948. 678 pp. $6.75.
The Ways of Men, by John Gillin. New York: Appleton-Century. 1948. 649 pp. $4.50.
Male and Female: A Study of the Sexes in a Changing World, by Margaret Mead. New York: William Morrow and Co. 1949. 477 pp. $5.00.
Social Structure, by George Peter Murdock. New York: Macmillan Co. 1949. 387 pp. $6.00.

ANTHROPOLOGY has returned from the natives. This delights some, and alarms and annoys others of the intellectual leaders of our time. Those who are pleased feel that only a social science which sees institutions and values in cross-cultural perspective can usefully be applied to the problems of the mid-twentieth century. They argue also that anthropology is the most likely focal point for the integration of the sciences of man, since archaeology is closely linked with history as well as with geology and other physical sciences; linguistics and folklore are tied to the humanities; physical anthropology is a biological science; ethnology is an historical discipline; social anthropology blends ever more and more with sociology and psychology; the general field of cultural anthropology has inevitable ties with geography, economics and political science. Those who are troubled by anthropology's new look doubt the applicability of anthropological field methods in complex, dynamic modern civilizations; they question the relevance of principles derived principally from the examination of small, "static" societies.

As usual, there is much to be said on both sides. Some anthropologists are undoubtedly a bit intoxicated by the heady wine of a little power over the here and now, for, until recently, they had drunk only the chaste nectar of detached contemplation of the long ago and far away. They are insufficiently critical of their discipline and of their own work. One can point to a few irresponsible pronouncements suggesting that anthropology has *the* answer rather than *an* indispensable contribution to *some* contemporary problems. Certainly becoming—rather suddenly—slightly fashionable has its dangers to the profession. There are quarters in Washington and even in the business world where anthropology is oversold, where in effect it is regarded as the newer magic, where we are being asked questions which the present generation of anthropologists can never hope to answer. To the extent that we encourage or even countenance such over-estimation, the profession will pay. We shall be found out, and there will be a reaction against anthropology as irrational as are some present inflationary trends. It is also true that the present demand for consultants and for workers on research of immediate relevance threatens the normal structure of the profession. Too many young men are going immediately into the applied field without the seasoning of further field work, teaching and reading. Too many older men "consult" so much that they fail to keep active in basic research. There is no doubt that the detachment upon which anthropologists, rightly or wrongly, have prided themselves, is challenged. As Kroeber remarks, ". . . it used to be held as a reproach against anthropology that it was too little interested in being immediately useful. Those days are over."

✪ CLYDE KLUCKHOHN, professor of anthropology at Harvard University, is director of the Institute of Ethnic Affairs and has been consultant to the U. S. Indian Service since 1942. Dr. Kluckhohn is the author of several books, the latest of which is *Mirror for Man.*

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On the other hand, it is only factual to point out that the great bulk of anthropological publication remains descriptive, detailed, rigorous within the limits of the accepted theoretical framework. Against the few messianically tinged books of too easy generalization that have caught the public eye, one can name hundreds of solid, severely technical monographs produced in the same time-period. Perhaps it is also fair to raise the question as to whether the same standards of criticism have been applied to these works as to comparable popular books from other fields. When the anthropologist writes of Samoa or of Dahomey, he may be found tiresomely esoteric or amusing, but at any rate he is safe. When he writes of American social classes or of sexual behavior or of Soviet-American relations, he can no longer be ignored or reserved for gentlemanly diversion. He should, to be sure, be held to the level of workmanship that he presumably adhered to in describing Samoa, or at least required to avow publicly the thinness of his data. Yet there are grounds for suspecting that the emotional heat of many critiques of Margaret Mead's and Geoffrey Gorer's books, for example, was generated less by righteous indignation at careless scholarship and fuzzy logic than by fury against the raising of certain personal and cultural issues comfortably buried in the unconscious. One must also, I think, make careful discount for polemics engendered by the rivalries of vested interest. Some sociologists do not like anthropological poachers at all. Some literary people feel that the depiction (other than that made possible with the aid of brass instruments) of the ebb and flow of human feeling in the social scene is the inalienable property of the novelist and the poet.

At any rate, those who view with alarm the glibness of some anthropological encroachments on contemporary problems, those who fear that anthropology is about to adopt the save-the-world-but-quick approach that once characterized American sociology should do more than read the publishers' blurbs on the five books under discussion. I can well see that careful readers may come away unsatisfied with the presentation of data on some points, unconvinced of the adequacy of this or that conceptual scheme, disagreeing with the author's explicit or implicit value framework. I think, however, that every reasonably well-informed and relatively dispassionate reader who is on decently easy terms with his unconscious will say that serious problems are dealt with seriously. These are not frivolous books. They are substantial alike in their documentation and in the range and variety of methods and concepts utilized.

The first three are ostensibly textbooks. Actually, they are treatises on anthropology. Each has performed a noteworthy job of integration, both of published work and of hitherto unpublished field notes. Each sets forth new theoretical instruments. In their similarities and in their differences they tell us much of the present position of anthropology. All present the common core of anthropological thought: human behavior has both a biological and a cultural dimension, and neglect of either imperils understanding; the comparative approach is essential, on both the nature and the nurture sides; historical perspective is likewise necessary on both dimensions; culture, the precipitate of history, is the foremost contribution of anthropology to the stream of general ideas. Within this area of agreement (which could be specified in great detail), there are differences in emphasis which reflect divergent present trends. Kroeber is the most catholic, but also is heavily weighted on the historical side. His approach can best be described as the anthropological version of culture history, though his biology is good and he admits psychology. Herskovits most conservatively represents the classical anthropological tradition. His originality is given scope only within the received framework. He narrows the terrain, drawing little material from the history of the great civilizations of the West and East, which Kroeber pilfers so avidly, and scarcely utilizing psychology at all. Gillin, the youngest of the three, is the most innovating. He gives fullest expression to the so-called field of culture and personality, synthesizing anthropology with behavioristic learning theory and psychoanalysis.

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Reading the three books does stimulate one somewhat melancholy reflection: the various branches of anthropology have become so specialized, and so much fact and theory have been accumulated that it is impossible to do justice to all within two covers. Only Kroeber gives adequate treatment to archaeology. Only Gillin is fully sophisticated in "psychological anthropology." Only Herskovits presents a substantial introduction to the aesthetics of non-literate peoples. No one of the three is entirely satisfactory in the field of anthropological linguistics.

Each volume has its own special merits. It will probably be at least another generation before a synthesis, comparable in its mastery of the facts, and in wisdom and insight, to *Anthropology* is produced. Kroeber is generally recognized as the most distinguished living anthropologist. He is almost the sole *general* anthropologist still alive. He has added importantly to knowledge in such diverse branches of anthropology as ethnology, physical anthropology, archaeology, linguistics and anthropological statistics. He controls amazing reaches of world history. Kroeber's versatility and intellectual robustness are all the more refreshing when viewed against the background of the narrowness and overspecialization, the relative isolation from the main currents of contemporary thought which have, on the whole, characterized twentieth century American anthropology. Besides the depth and breadth of the author's learning, the book is remarkable for its scientific detachment and restraint and, not least, for singular graces of style. Few anthropologists have written well, but the simple elegance and matchless lucidity of Kroeber's prose stimulate the reader to try long passages aloud.

Herskovits provides a careful, balanced exposition of the concept of culture, a sane consideration of the interdependences between physical environment and culture, some useful conceptual refinements in his chapters on "The Structure of Culture," "Cultural Dynamics," and "Cultural Variation." His book ends on about the same theme as Kroeber's. This final chapter, "An-

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"A WREATH AND A CURSE has a kind of terrible wisdom," said one advance reader. "The author's keen sense of beauty and of humor makes reading this book a profoundly disturbing yet endlessly exciting experience."

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thropology in a World Society," is especially valuable to the busy general reader. Herskovits deserves high praise for the effort and imagination which went into the selection of the excellent figures and beautiful plates found in this book.

There is one problem of general interest where Herskovits left the reviewer somewhat uneasy. In spite of the nice distinctions made between *absolutes* and *universals*, between *cultural* relativism and the relativism of individual behavior within a society, Herskovits goes too far—for the reviewer's taste—in the direction of untrammeled cultural relativism. He appears to feel that one must merely understand the values of each different culture in terms of that culture's own premises. The premises, themselves, are apparently to be unquestioned. To understand "the meaning of a way of life to those who live it" is a significant, and indeed a noble, undertaking. To understand, however, should not necessarily mean to accept, nor even to remain content with dispassionate description.

The amnesty which the anthropologist gives to the exuberant variety of cultural patterns must be only that which the psychiatrist gives to incestuous dreams. That is, the existence of a way of behaving shows that it is significant, that it cannot be legislated out of existence by moralizing, that it needs to be understood. Existence, however, should not be equated with inevitability, with acceptance, with "goodness"—even under special circumstances of history and present situation. Some values may well be regarded as within the realm of taste or choice or circumstance. But other values would seem to be appropriate and necessary to all men—given the nature of the human organism and the conditions of life to which all men, regardless of race and culture, must adjust. Herskovits does not make the mistake made by many earlier anthropologists of stressing differences between men instead of similarities. Yet he seems unwilling to recognize what must eventually be the most important task of his science—discovery and testing in the scientific crucible of the many values that transcend cultural variation.

The organization of Gillin's book is not

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conventional. A somewhat distinctive pattern is developed which is a vast improvement over the stereotyped headings of "physical anthropology," "linguistics," "archaeology" and the rest. The book begins with a few lively pages on "Reasonable Expectations." There follows a novel chapter that presents a retrospect and prospect on anthropology, packed with carefully chosen details. Part I is called "The Human Animal." In about 150 pages, Gillin provides an excellent introduction to the biological basis of human nature from the anthropological point of view. Primates, fossil men, races and the limitations and potentialities of *Homo sapiens* are all treated. Specialists do find a few points to quarrel with here and there, but the reviewer wishes to express his admiration for this compact and thoughtful integration. Human biology is treated with respect to its very real relevance for human behavior, and especially for social behavior.

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The Ways of Men is less factually rich than Kroeber and Herskovits. But there is more explicit theory, more exploration of that frontier area where conceptual tools are ground out against the whetstone of fact. Gillin's is not a compartmentalized mind. He has brought together the most various concepts and scattered facts. He has really thought through his materials, both abstract and concrete. Most of his book will need to be rewritten in ten or twenty years, but that part of his theoretical superstructure that needs rebuilding will have served a highly useful purpose.

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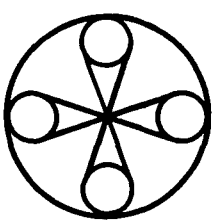

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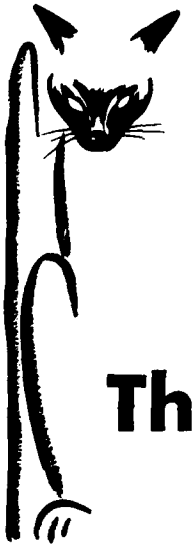

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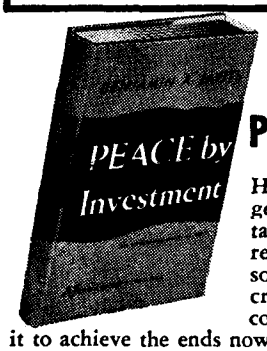

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these objections rest on a misunderstanding of the nature of "proof" in the cultural realm. The question of sampling in the universe of culturally learned attitudes is not identical with that at Rothamstead Agricultural Experiment Station. Bean plants presumably do not influence each other very much except insofar as they compete for nutrition. Human beings in the same group constantly influence one another. Any sane man or woman is receiving unceasing training as a sampling machine. Whenever he gives the "wrong" answer, he is socially punished. Moreover, what is significant in cultural phenomena is often not distance or intensity or other measurable quantities, but rather what point in what pattern under a given set of conditions. The pertinent variation is alternation from one configuration to another, rather than movement in terms of measurable positions.

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